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DEACON & PETERSON, Publishers,
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"BLESSED ARE THE PURE IN HEART."

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY MISS A. L. MUZZEY.

Turning the leaves of the dead centuries,
Wherein the histories of men are writ,
We find sometimes a soul that seems to sit,
Like a serene indweller of the skies,
Above the heat, the passion, and the strife,
And the poor pleasures of this lower life.

The plague-like ills which fall on other men
Light on him, too, but with his shining face
Set against cloud and storm, he seeks to trace
Through all a hidden realm of good, and when
His eye hath found it, all the toll and pain
Whereof he suffered, he but counts as gain.

On him the cruel world-storms madly beat,
And evil Fortune holds him as a mark,
Sin spreadeth nets to catch him 'neath the dark,
And cunning pitfalls yawn beneath his feet;
But with his hand in God's, he springs them clear
Of snare and pit, and hath no thought of fear.

The bounds of Every day upon his track,
And secret Fate, which darest not to hunt
In open day, nor meet him front to front,
Twangeth her poison arrows at his back.
For all, he thinketh of that rabble crew
Of whom Christ said, "they know not what they do."

He judges not his erring brother man;
Pity doth move his heart, remembering all
The sweet deceits that lure him to his fall,
And that however wisely he may plan,
Who fears not God, but trusts in his own might,
Cannot but lose his way and miss the right.

On Truth the structure of his life is built—
Nor all the jostlings of pride and power
Can move him from his fortress, his strong
tower;
While wily falsehood, conscious of its guilt,
Lurks to his hiding place, he stands secure,
Knowing his basis firm, his building sure.

No doubt lives in his soul. Time's breath doth
swell
The world ship's shining sails, and on she
strains;
Storms burst, her crew revolts, confusion
reigns,
And all seems rushing toward the port of Hell—
No doubt lives in his soul. The Lord is God,
Faithful to judge the evil, and the good.

THE WRONG PATH.

A STORY OF THE WAR.

Brock Edmunds' strange disappearance had been the theme of our mesa, since his departure from the Rappahannock, a week before. Brave, scrupulous and loyal, all who knew him well rejected indignantly the imputation that he had gone over to the enemy. He was a Virginian, it was said, and must forsooth be false; his affianced was the daughter of a Confederate colonel, and to be true in love he must forswear his country. Meaner men had superseded him in the staff, and he had been himself by perjury and desertion. But though these paltry libels had obtained general circulation and acceptance, we—his staff companions—who had known him in camp, in perilous enterprise, and in the painful march, defended his honor as our own.

We were sitting beneath the canopy or "fly" of the mess tent, recreating ourselves with whiskey and pipes. It was the eighth night since the departure of our comrade, and we missed his ready jest, his loud, infectious laugh, his uniform courtesy and generosity. The war had come at last to Warrenton Springs, and the encampments of an immense army whitened the surrounding hills. Federal sentries paced up and down the massive portion of the hotel; cannon were planted in all the lanes; cavalry horses tramped garden and orchard; and the Spring was become a lavatory for thousands of wanton soldiers.



The Phillips' House, the Headquarters of Gen. Burnside During the Battle of Fredericksburg—Now the Headquarters of Gen. Sumner.

The above, engraved expressly for THE POST from the N. Y. Illustrated News, represents the fine residence of Mr. Phillips

on the Rappahannock. It was here General Burnside retired after the repulse and thought over the memorable events of the

day, and matured his plans for the future. Here also the gallant veteran, General Sumner, has his headquarters. Groups of

officers, members of the staff, and orderlies, are seen standing about waiting for orders.

We had been a fortnight at the Springs, and the monotony of our tenure had been varied by but a single incident—the loss of Brock Edmunds. The circumstances relating to his departure were mysterious and alarming. He had been called to the general's tent late in the afternoon, and intrusted with a verbal order to one of the brigade commanders, whose quarters were at Rappahannock, a railway station on the river of the same name, eighteen miles distant. He had reached his destination at nine o'clock, delivered his instructions punctually, and obtained the countersign of the day. Returning, he had passed a guard five miles from Rappahannock, and had stopped to light a pipe at a picket-fire, still further on, complaining in the latter case, that his horse was a trifle lame. He was, to all appearance, sober, and expressed himself as resolved to get back to headquarters by midnight. But subsequently, no man in the army had encountered him, and traces of neither rider nor horse had been discovered, though diligent inquiries were made far and wide. His capture by the enemy was improbable, for our picket-posts were so close and continuous, that the lines were considered to be impervious. No bodies of Southern troops were contiguous; and though the Virginians within the lines were sullen and hostile, it was believed that only a few aged and infirm people remained, as the young and able-bodied had departed to join the Confederate armies. The only plausible alternative was, that Brock Edmunds, knowing the location of our pickets, had avoided them, and escaped in the darkness to his Southern friends. The Richmond newspapers, however, which our out-riders brought in daily, made no mention of Captain Edmunds, and no recent prisoners had heard anything of his desertion.

The conversation beneath the fly had turned upon the absent one. Thirteen young fellows were there, who had thrown up our several professions at the call to arms, and, unacquainted before, had met by assignment upon General B.'s staff. Five of us were Yankees, two were from New York, four were foreign adventurers who loved war for its own sake, and I was a Pennsylvanian, of Quaker descent.

"Heigh-ho!" said Wicklowe, turning off his fourth draught of spirits, "how we miss Brock's jolly laugh."

"Camp has become so insufferably dull," said Bigwig, "that I shall resume the old 'biz,' and throw up my commission."

Bigwig had been a junior partner in a dry-goods house, but took to the sword as naturally as to scissors.

"If it isn't positive conceit to repeat anything that Brock—poor old boy—has done so well before, I will sing his Chickadee song," said Chockmire, ever anxious to exhibit his vocal powers.

"I pray ze," said Saint Pierre, with a supplicatory grimace, "do not, Monsieur Chockmire."

"Go on," said Wicklowe, drinking again. "any affliction is preferable to this horrible silence."

As Chockmire's wheezy notes rang on the night, I saw the glare of camp-fires reddening the woods and skies; I heard the clatter of bayonets at the hour of guard-relief, and some of the negro servants singing sweetly sonorous choruses. The faint, hollow roll of a distant drum blended mystically with the rustle of leaves overhead, and I saw in the dimness the cloaked and stalwart sentry striding before the general's tent. A horse stood saddled in one of the broad gravelled aisles, and I could hear the "tick, tick, tick" of the telegraph instrument in a Sibley canopy adjoining.

A month had thus transformed one of the pleasantest of solitudes, and the hospitable grounds had been trampled by innumerable hoofs. There were great gaps in the fences, and coarse pencillings upon the walls of the fine old mansion. The furniture had been broken and used to feed Vandal cook fires. Desolation, following in the wake of armies, had despoiled alike the fertility of nature and the improvements of man. How soon might retaliation affect our Northern homes as we had ruined theirs!

"Lieutenant Mintlin!"

I turned toward the voice, at the repetition of my name, and recognized a tall, athletic orderly. As I faced him, he respectfully saluted, and said:

"The general nades ye, sir, immediately, at his quarters."

The mess broke into a loud laugh, anticipating that some onerous duty would devolve upon me.

"There's twenty pages of a report to copy," said Bigwig.

"I'll lend to you my lecture chair, mon ami," said Saint Pierre; "you take one dam journey!"

"Hadin't you as well worry down another 'smile' before you go?" said Wicklowe, conspicuously imbibing himself.

I replied carelessly, refilled my pipe, and following the sergeant across a grass plot and through a broken wicket, stood in the presence of the general. He was seated at a pine table, covered with maps, diagrams, and manuscripts, and the candle threw an imperfect light upon his handsome bronzed face, and broad, prominent forehead. A trunk, marked with his initials, and a small, iron bedstead, with two camp-stools, and a short, wooden bench, comprised his furniture; but there was a picture of the Madonna, which never left him, suspended from a nail in the rear tent-pole. This picture had survived all mutations. He had carried it in the Mexican war, when he was a lieutenant. It had hung in the halls of the Montezumas, when employed at clerk-duties therein. At Fort Yuma, the Siberia of military stations, he had kept it in his quarters for five monotonous years; and when appointed a colonel, early in the civil war, he had brought this picture across four thousand miles of plain and prairie.

"Sit down, Lieutenant Mintlin," he said curtly; and as I took one of the chairs, he resumed his writing. I looked at the richly quilted saddle that lay at his feet, at the splendidly mounted sword thrown carelessly across his bed, at the holsters and silver-plated pistols beneath his rubber-pillow. I studied the angles and fullnesses of the fine

indurated form, and the severe and wrinkled countenance before me; and from the starred shoulder-bars and silvered beard of this hero of a score of battles, my eyes wandered magnetically to the pensive, melancholy picture of the Madonna—his companion in triumph, reverse, trials, and promotion. I trust that every soldier carries some such picture through his journeyings. My own Madonna was in Pennsylvania.

"Lieutenant," said he, in his quick, nervous manner, looking me directly in the eyes, "your horse is fresh, and saddled!"

I looked through the opening of the tent at the sharp beat of hoofs, and beheld my pony, led by my own servant.

"I would not trouble you till it was necessary, but gave you a part of the evening with your friends. There is your horse; here is a sealed envelope. You are to ride with all speed to Rappahannock."

A little leap of my heart, and a slight tremor of my lips, followed the announcement of this ill-omened name.

"I may say," continued the general, in his curt, sententious way, "since I commonly take my rides into my confidence, that this paper contains the details of an order for an immediate advance. You are to ride direct to the quarters of General H—, to deliver the envelope, and return to-night with his receipt and reply."

I bowed silently, and turned to go.

"Stop!" said he again. "It is eight o'clock; you must deliver the message by eleven. I shall not retire to-night. You will be back at three."

"It is a long and stony way," I said hesitatingly, "and forty miles can scarcely be made in seven hours."

"It must be done," said he, shaking his head; "the troops must be under way before midnight. Return upon a fresh horse. Good night."

I returned his salutation, but had scarcely got a yard from his quarters, when I heard the sharp call to return. As I stood before him again, he stared piercingly into my eyes, half inquiringly, half indignantly.

"Am I to lose another aide?" he said slowly and sarcastically.

The blood rose to my temples, and I felt my hands closing. "Not unless you insult him twice," I returned.

"I ask your pardon," said he, in his old day manner; "you are not a Virginian?"

I bit my lips at the reflection upon my late comrade, but concluded to remain silent.

"Will you have an orderly to accompany you?"

"Not after the doubt you have expressed."

"Forget it," he said, with irresistible frankness, "as the weakness of a suspicious old soldier. Give me your hand. God bless you! Be prompt. Good night."

I repaired to the mess tent, hastily examined my pistols, and buckled on my sword belt and spurs. Joining my comrades in a parting health, I leaped into my saddle, and at seven minutes past eight o'clock, started at a sharp canter for Rappahannock.

The ride for five or six miles of the way was enlivened by belated teams, couriers, and occasional squads of officers returning to

their regiments. Camp fires lit up the whole horizon, till it seemed a great belt of flame; mystic serenades floated dreamily from invisible fields and copses; confused voices of shouting and singing were wafted from tented hillsides, and grouped batteries, ambulances, and army cattle came dimly in view at intervals. The moon shone full and brightly; but I saw, with some solicitude that it was sinking slowly behind the woods; and at nine o'clock, as I heard the tattoo beat from a dozen quarters, I turned obliquely to the left, and was soon involved in complete darkness. For nine miles I met no human being, and heard no sounds but the ring of my horse's hoofs, the rattle of his curb-chain, and the clink of my sword in its scabbard.

There was nothing of peril involved in my journey; but the times were irregular, the country expansive, and thousands of reckless men were abroad with arms in their hands. How had Brock Edmunds disappeared? His route to Rappahannock had not differed from mine. The night was not less fair. As horsemen, we were well matched; and that he had been faithful, I would pledge my life. How, whence, and wherefore had the stillness and mystery of the grave fallen upon him? I could not surmise; I only knew that, as I remembered his goodness, pleasantness, and usefulness, I resolved, if chance should give me a clue whereby to follow or revenge him, I would do it at all risks. My way led mainly through scrub timber; the road was little more than a cow path, so smooth that I was compelled to trust entirely to the instinct of my steed, and so dark that I was not without fear of pitfalls and prostrate trees. Fortunately the route had been seldom travelled, and the clay roadway was hard, level, and unencumbered by the slush and debris that usually mark the route of an army. There was much of romance, and pleasant feverish excitement in the ride. The heads of my horse struck sparks from stony places, and the whistle of night-birds, the scream of owls, the wailing of wild pigs, and the long shrill chirp of crickets and lizards made strange and very music. Weird likenesses of beings colossal, hideous eyes that shone from thickets, and glimpses of spectral sky breaking through boughs and leaves; starlight reflected in slimy pools; deserted homesteads staring black and ghastly from hill-tops; clumps of negro cabins, that looked half human through their great window eyes; clearings across which the night winds blew dimly; and quaint old stacks and hay barns—these were some of the spectacles that greeted me on the way. And when, at eleven o'clock, I answered the challenge of a patrol, and found that I had almost reached my journey's end, I drew a sigh of relief, and reining my horse into a quiet pace, soon dismounted before the quarters of General H—.

He had not anticipated my message, and was about retiring to his bed. But after swearing roundly once or twice, he resumed his garments, summoned his aides, and ordered his brigade under arms. In a few minutes, lights were twinkling here and there, great wagons laden with tents and field utensils went lumbering across the fields, and mounted men loomed away in battalions.

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My first impulse was to retrace my steps,

The multitudinous camps had faded themselves noiselessly, and were off.

I resolved to return with my own pony, for he seemed yet fresh and unwearied, and obtaining a sealed reply to my communication, accepted the offer of a drop of brandy and a cigar, and remounted my horse. The general called out to me as I moved off: "Have you heard anything of Captain Edmunds?"

"Nothing."

"He was a fine fellow," said the general, turning away. "I gave him the proper counter-sign just at this hour of the night, and he took some spirits, as you have done, before departing."

"Pardon me a moment, general," I replied, "but as a matter of curiosity, will you tell me the countersign for that evening?"

"Ticonderoga," he answered shortly.

"Good night."

As a rule, I give no regard to coincidences, I do not believe in signs; I despise dreams and omens; but there are moments when reason, in spite of itself, gives way to superstition, and such moments were mine, as I turned my face toward Warrenton Springs, and ground my horse harshly with the spur. Not only had my journey corresponded with that of Brock Edmunds in all its essentials of time, route, and object, but the circumstances had tallied, not excepting the otherwise insignificant item of the countersign, for the password on this evening was "Crown Point," and that of the previous evening its associate battle of "Ticonderoga." In addition to these resemblances, I could not forget that the disappearance of my friend had pressed upon my mind for days with peculiar and intense interest; I had dreamed fully of his return, I had talked incessantly of his virtues, I had loved him with the fervor of a brother; nay, I had felt a conviction, too subtle to be explained, too positive to be mistaken—and on this evening oppressive beyond melancholy—that with his fate my life was in some way bound up. It was in vain that I puffed vigorously at my pipe, and strove to recall lighter topics—my mother, perhaps awake even now, and praying in the dim watches for her errant boy; my betrothed, who might be murmuring my name amid her dreams; my mess-companions, roaring at their revels; the grim old general awaiting my return, with the blue eyes of his Madonnas ever upon him; the troops on the march, roused up by an unwelcome summons—but one by one these cheerful themes faded away, and the fate of Brock Edmunds resumed its place in my fancies. His face, like a specter, glided before me in the darkness; his name, like a ghostly refrain, came up to my lips with every hoof-beat; and as I halted obedient to challenge, by the last clustering picket, my holo of "Crown Point" seemed to provoke a thousand dismal echoes of "Ticonderoga" and "Brock Edmunds."

"Have you the time, sentry?" I called to the patrol.

"Twelve o'clock, midnight!" said the deep voice of the horseman, vanishing in the gloom.

For nine miles to come, I should meet no living soul. The blowing of my pony, as I spurred him again, admonished me that hard travel was beginning to tell upon him; so I leant the ashes out of my pipe, buttoned my coat close to the throat, and chirping encouragingly, pushed forward gallantly, though not at headlong speed. But the flush and exultation of my ride were over; a strange, weird nervousness had succeeded. The noise of wild swine in the brush alarmed me; twice I laid my hand agitatedly upon my sword, and once halted with drawn pistol at the shriek of a frightened night-hawk. Ashamed of these unmanly weaknesses, I thought to compose myself by singing a cheerful stave, but my voice was so hollow and unreal, that I shuddered and ceased. At last, with a loud, "Woo," and a chill, quick quiver, I stopped in the middle of the road, and felt the perspiration standing like night-dew on my forehead.

I was lost!

For more than an hour, I had failed to recognize passing objects. However my tremor and terror had lengthened the miles, I had yet preserved some approximate estimate of time, and knew that, in the due course of travel, I should have been at Warrenton Springs. But in the rush of fear and fancies, in the gloom and shadow of the night, in the certainty that having thrice gone over the same road, I should follow it safely again, I had missed my way. In place of the scrub maple, oak, magnolia, and gum that shot in the by-road by which I had come, I was now encompassed by dwarf pines and cedars, that revealed the open sky, but gave even more than the ordinary loneliness to the scenery. Sterile, uninhabited, interminable as I knew such soil to be, there was the additional fear that I had emerged upon a stretch of Virginia forest, wherein the traveller might wander for months, in dreary circles, finding neither outlet, guide, nor subsistence.

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but after thought suggested that I might go still further away, turning in the darkness into some more desolate and dangerous path. I then thought of the night, wrapped in my saddle-blanket, and waiting for daylight to assist me; but my horse was weary and hungry, and should have provender and shelter. While thus doubtful and perplexed, I heard a tread among the pines to the left, followed by a crash, and a hard, heavy breath. My hand reached nervously for my pistol. I stood erect in the stirrups, peering through the gloom with my finger pressing tightly against the trigger, and a stammering challenge upon my lips. A dark object bounded from the brush, and passing across the road close before me, disappeared. I resolved it into a horse, and in the dim, uncertain shadow, saw that it was lame!

Cursing my cowardice, I replaced the pistol in its holster, and chipping to my horse, went wearily onward. There was a chance, at least, that I should reach some secluded farmhouse or negro hut. After the space of a half hour, I came to a fence and gate, and to my great relief discerned the stacks and out-houses of a farm. A second gate through which I passed creaked dimly behind me, and shut with a loud noise, but turning the angle of a log-cabin, I had the satisfaction of dismounting before an ancient Virginia residence, where a candle still burned in the lower story, and streaming through a window, cast a flood of light across the yard. It was a dwelling framed after a fashion immortal in the South. Long, open porches, roofed and railed and ascended by steps, enclosed it in front and in rear, while the brick chimneys at the gables were built outside of the house, and against it. The kitchen was a separate building, but connected with the dwelling by a covered passage-way, or colonnade, and both dwelling and kitchen had peaked or double roofs. There were, as I saw at a glance, two wells, one modern in construction, consisting of a windlass and chain for raising or lowering the bucket; but the other was a description of well found only in America, and even these rapidly falling into disuse, known as the pole or balance-well. It consisted of a long hickory pole or shaft, suspended from a forked or crooked upright, and tied at its short or tapering end to a pendant or rod. To this was attached the bucket, which could be readily lowered by hand, and hoisted by the superior weight of the long end of the pole. I was particularly attracted to this latter well, because, curiously enough, the heavy end of the pole was in the air, and the bucket apparently at the bottom of the well. The well hole was covered with planks, and from the circumstance of a broken plough being deposited above them, I inferred that the well was no longer used. It had a quiet and venerable appearance, standing thus in the night, and I wondered that its position should be so reversed. The whole place, indeed, had an air of gloom and improvidence. Some of the windows in the dwelling were stuffed with old hats and breeches, the whitewash had peeled from the weather-boarding, the porches were rotten and tottering, and except the cheerful glow of the fire, I saw nothing indicative of hospitality and comfort. Long experience in camps, however, had familiarized me to rough fare, and I felt very grateful for the opportunity to rest till morning, and to feed my faithful pony.

Leaping lightly up the steps, and traversing the porch, I knocked thrice, quickly and loudly. Some shuffling of feet and earnest whispering ensued, and then a hideously deformed boy opened the door. I did not know that I have ever seen a face so terror-stricken; his lips were quivering, his knees trembling, and the hand by which he held the latch shivered and rattled in a fearful manner. I saw at a glance that one of his feet was clubbed, and that his right arm was short and withered. Beside a blazing log-fire in the great sooty chimney place sat two girls and a very old man, who seemed quite as ill at ease. The pale faces of the girls were little relieved by the attitude of the man, who had attempted to rise, but appeared to have been paralyzed in the act. In his hand he grasped the tongs, and his face expressed conflicting emotions of hate, fear, and despair.

"Good-evening," said I soothingly; "I hope that I haven't disturbed you."

"You have disturbed me," said the old man, rattling the tongs in his quaking fingers; "you ha' nigh been the death of me. You ha' given me a turn that'll shorten my days. What are you arter, on folk's property in the dead hour o' night, knockin' at their doors, and scarin' their wimmen?"

At this one of the girls began to sob, and the eyes of the cripple dilated with rage.

"Compose yourselves," said I, walking into the room, my spurs clattering, and my sword dragging along the floor; "I am not an enemy, though I wear the uniform of one. I am a soldier, as you are, astray and wearied, and willing to pay for a bed by your fire, and a little corn for my horse."

"We ha' nather bed nor corn for Yankees. You ha' overrun our farms, and murdered our boys. Beggary and tears come upon you all, as you ha' brought them upon us!"

"Nay, then," said I, drawing up a chair, and seating myself resolutely by the hearth, "since you are so inhospitable, I must take what you will not sell. Here I sit, and here I shall remain. If there is food in your stable I must seize enough for my beast, and at daylight I will leave you."

The cripple looked murderously into my eyes here, as if measuring my strength and courage; but I quietly removed my spurs, cast off my sword, and asked him the way to the stable.

"Get the lantern, Jay," said the man; "if we are to lose the corn, we may as well be paid. Show the soldier to the cowhouse. Gif him twelve ears and a rick o' hay. Marth'-Ann, do you spread a counterpane yer in the corner. Nancy, fetch up a pail of cider. Stir your trotters!"

Settling himself in the chair, the old man muttered nervously, and glowered at the fire

as he raked the logs in a heap. Pale and sinister, the cripple limped through a doorway, and stumbled in the darkness of another room for the required lantern. The girls fulfilled their instructions with agitated faces, and cast doubtful eyes upon me at intervals. They were coarsely clothed in frocks of grey kersey, and their shoes were rough and large. The younger of the two had a pretty timid face, with shy black eyes, and her hair was tied with a piece of blue ribbon.

"What's yer name at home?" said the old man at length, looking fiercely up. I replied good-humoredly, anxious to induce a pleasanter reception, and asked the old gentleman to tell me his own name in return.

"Lightfoot, sir," said he, in a tone of mingled brasserie and sullenness. "The Lightfoots ha' been one o' the fast families. Jeems Lightfoot was the best speaker that ever set in the legislature of Virginia. Neal Lightfoot belonged to the Wiggins branch of the family, and owned the best Piedmont horses in this section of country. Patrick Lightfoot of Jeems River—"

"Yers the lantern for the Yankee," said the cripple, limping into the room. He stared blackly and half defiantly, flung open the door, and muttering that I was to "look alive arter my horse," led the way across the yard to a log stable or shed.

"Stop," said I; "the good pony must be watered," and I turned towards the old well. To my great surprise, the cripple darted forward, dropping his lantern, and seizing me with the grip of a strong man.

"Don't go there!" he said, with a strangely altered voice; "there ain't no water there! The pole is got wedged at the bottom. Come yer; come this way."

I found him absolutely dragging me, and was not more amazed at his vehemence than at his wonderful physical power, so incongruous, as I thought, with his deformity. Truly, I had fallen among boorish people. Yielding to the whim of the lad, I watered my horse at the windlass well, but refused to remove the saddle at his solicitation. Returning to the dwelling, I found a table spread, and some Indian bread, bacon, and cider prepared for me. The young girl to whom I have alluded, sat at the head of the table, but I failed to interest her in conversation, and turned at length to the old man.

"This is a sad war, sir?"

"You folks got it up."

"We lament it, I am sure, as much as you do."

"Likely. Look at me, spoiled in land and cattle, a prisoner in my own house, an alien in my own country—my four sons driven from me, but, thank God, fighting out their deliverance agin you and your hordes."

"Come," said I softly, "let us lay these things aside to night. Return to better days and themes. You have still a spark of regard for the good old Union. Have you for gotten the palmy time of '76, when South and North stood shoulder to shoulder at Ticonderoga?"

I stopped in mute astonishment. At the iteration of the last word, a deathly pallor came over the old gentleman; his chin dropped upon his bosom, and his hands hung nervously upon his chair. From bold misadventurer, he had changed to cowed, tremulous, demented silence. Suddenly and mechanically he rose, groped by way of the wall to a staircase, and shuffling like a man in a dream, disappeared. I saw no more of him that night. The girls, scarcely less agitated, also immediately retired; and I was left alone with the cripple, astounded at the effect of my oratory, and certain that I had fallen into a house of lunatics.

I had been previously acquainted with bitter Southern partisanship, but the animosity of this family was altogether savage and unprecedented. There was certainly the extraordinary circumstance of the younger Lightfoot's connection with the Confederate service; and the irritability of old age might have been intensified by losses of negroes, live-stock, and provender. The people were likewise, as I could see, rude, ignorant, and perhaps wicked. In this way, I could account for their passion; but the more appalling evidences of fear and suspicion remained unexplained. As I sat absorbed in a review of the occurrences of the evening, I looked casually across the room at the cripple, who had been for some minutes sitting silently upon the floor. The firelight revealed his face, though his body was bathed in shadow, and I saw that he was leaning darkly upon me. Out of all patience with the fellow, I called to him in a very amiable voice: "My man, haven't you a face in your repertoire less devilish than that you are wearing to night?"

He grinned contemptuously, but did not speak.

"I shall be under the necessity of tossing a plate in your face presently, so you had better remove out of distance."

He rose from his place, limped to the stairway, and I heard his heavy, unequal tread overhead for some time, when finally it ceased, and the house was given over to silence. Having emptied the pail of cider, and supped plentifully, I threw myself upon the spread in the corner, and resumed my contemplations. Why were these people out of their beds at so late an hour? Had they expected visitors? Why had they alternately shuddered and vaunted? Had some great remorse with them blended with some yet more wicked purpose? Might not their fanaticism mean more than it had seemed? Was I, in short, safe in this house, travel-worn, disarmed, solitary, and asleep? Phew! a cripple, two girls, and a garrulous old dotard. What were these pitted against a vigilant, active soldier, close to camp, and prepared for any emergency? I had unmaned myself thrice to-night; should I become again a prey to childish terrors? I tossed my sword contemptuously upon the table, spurned my holsters with my foot, and leaning my head upon my arm, studied the bare floor, the huge chimney, the beamed and whitewashed ceiling, the square and rope-seated chairs. A few coarse pictures hung upon the wall—a trotting-horse, a popular preacher, a Confederate

general, a head of Washington. Opposite, lay a door and two windows; at my feet, a door, and these looked out upon the two porches. A rough mantel-piece surmounted the chimney, ornamented with a stuffed muskrat and a pair of unsightly candlesticks. I contrasted the boorish dimensions of this place with my own family and those of my friends in the North; I thought of the plain frock and pretty features of the younger girl, whose name, as I had heard, was that of my own affianced, Martha; and, touching this theme, I folded my arms upon my breast, and dropped into a feverish sleep. It might have been the strange influences and events of the evening, or more directly the draughts of whiskey and cider that troubled me; at any rate, my slumber was broken by dreams and quick awakenings; and, curiously enough, the old well in the yard recurred again and again among these fancies. If my visions turned, during any moments, upon the companions of my youth, the associates of my boyhood, the incidents of my night journey, the affianced of my love, they failed in no case to return to the ancient well. At one time, it seemed, the huge shaft had fallen upon my head, and bruised it most cruelly; again I had fallen into the well, and climbing to the surface, found that I had been swimming in blood; and, in the end, both shaft and well had resolved themselves into the hideous cripple, who sat leerily upon a bucket, and as I pursued him, limped away like an apparition.

At this latest phase of my dream, I awoke tremulously. Was it a shadow that flitted by the opposite window? Surely something had moved across the transparent panes, quick, spectral, and noiseless. I sat up immediately, and rubbing my eyes, took note of doors and windows. The latch was closed, the room deserted. My sword remained upon the table, my holster and pistols still lay upon the floor where I had thrown them. With a sneer and an exclamation, I lay down again, but only to dream anew of the cripple, the old well, the lonely road, the pony that stood saddled in the stable, the grim warrior waiting for my return. Again I started fitfully, and sitting bolt upright, beheld as certainly as I had sight, a human hand reaching through a niche in the door towards my holsters. Quicker than the thought, I had leaped to my feet and reached the threshold. Food! Nothing stood without but the solemn darkness. An unaccountable thirst possessed me; my throat had become parched, and my lips were glued feverishly together. Creaking rather than walking across the croaking porch, I turned towards the well. The great pole stood poised in the air, the red point significantly into the pit. A strange, irresistible impulse drew me onward; I resolved to test the mystery of that well! One by one I removed the outlying boards. The ploughshare rang furiously as I heaved it aside, and the deep well pit lay black and yawning beneath me. The cold sweat oozed from my forehead as I seized the rod and pulled stubbornly upward. Surely the bucket attached must be hoisted of iron, for a weight so great was never lifted from household well before. Tremulously, heavily, the great end of the pole swayed downward; something dark and dripping came in view—a heap of human matter, crushed, and swaying to and fro.

I dropped the rod with a cry and a curse, for as God is my judge, Brock Edmunds's face, all leprous and bloody, and shrouded in matted hair, had appeared to me, caught in the grasping hook of the bucket!

For a moment, I lay nerveless and breathless upon the cold ground. The weird incidents of the night developed themselves in all their horrible relations to the murder of my friend. I now comprehended the terror of my host—his trepidation at the utterance of "Ticonderoga," the password of the night in which this butchery had been effected—the strange conduct of the cripple at my approach to the well—the ridiculous hope that limped before me in the darkness! Had Providence designed me to discover and avenge? Or was I likewise to be sacrificed to the demonic fate of this savage family?

A door in the direction of the stable shut here with a shock, admonishing me that some one was abroad. Stealthily creeping across the lawn, I entered the stable where my horse yet remained, and discovering something that stood motionless in a far corner, pressed toward it, and received in an instant a powerful blow upon the left side of the head, that nearly felled me. I clutched at once with the cripple, for it was he, and, maddened by pain and rage, threw him heavily upon the ground. A few moments served to bind him securely with a halter, and almost instantly I heard the besting of hoofs in front of the house. Four horsemen rode up in the starlight, and dismounting close to the porch, slipped quietly into the dwelling. A minute more, and I should be discovered; another, and I should be cold and dripping, like the heap of mortality that lay in the well.

I caught at my bridle frantically, dragged my beast to the door, and mounting, dashed over the gate and bar. I left all to my horse, I shouted madly to drive him forward. I leaped ditches and fences, bruised my limbs against the keen edges of cedars, and, clinging by mane and pommel, gave him freedom of rein and bit. A puerile, feverish desire for life, life, life, possessed me. I knew that I was followed. The shouts of the fiends behind me rang hoarsely above the dash of hoofs, and the panting of my weary horse admonished me that he could not keep his pace. Then it was that the memories of the past, the sanguine anticipations of the future, the sits and shortcomings unrepented of, the promises unfulfilled, the prayers unaided, came rushing agonizently upon me. I was about to realize the glory of war—a pass of steel or pistol flash, a trampled body by the wayside, a secluded grave, and a fate unknown. In vain should the general wait impatiently all dawn, in vain my beloved chafe for her expected letter, in vain my mother continue to kneel with my name upon her lips. I should die with the infamous accusation of desertion; my moss-kissed would recur to me with bitterness, and in place of a

solemn procession and a honorable tomb, I should moulder in the dampness and silence of the lonesome well. These things flashed upon me as the trees and clouds went by. An eternity of thought concentrated in those awful moments, as I heard behind me the tramp of the blood-thirsty fiends—brothers, as I knew, of the deformed. Oh, for my holsters and the good iron they contained! Oh, for my naked sword, that lay with them by the accursed hearth!

My tired horse had slackened his speed; the pursuers were closing the gap between us; I raised my eyes to the sky, and commended my soul to God!

But suddenly something glittered midway in the road, a few rods behind me; I recognized the sabre of a sentry, and with mad hells of "Crown Point! Crown Point!" galloped into the midst of a Federal picket! At the same moment a score of rifles cracked close beside me, and my horse fell heavily to the ground.

Well, indeed, had my comrade been avenged. There remained of the Lightfoots only the daughters, for the old man was stiff and pallid in his bed, and the scullies of his sons had all been emptied. These worthless had run the gauntlet of our pickets for the last time. We discovered their hideous path on our return, whereby they had made perilous but frequent visits to the old homestead. The cripple had disappeared, and having vainly searched the dwelling, the barn, and the woods adjacent, we repaired to the well, to fash the body of the gallant young Virginian. The pole, curiously enough, resisted our efforts, and the body had apparently become wedged in the well. A Zouave having volunteered to descend, we let him gently into the pit, and directly he cried: "Pull up, for God's sake. Here are two men entangled in the water."

The cripple had escaped a "drum-head court martial," but a more circumstantial retribution had fallen upon him. Reckoning upon my death at the hands of his brothers, he had endeavored to replace the well-covering, but had unwittingly fallen into the well. Both bodies were recovered. The soldier received an honorable grave; the assassin was tossed back with execrations into the pit. My poor horse had done me a last good service; a bullet released him from his pain; but my comrades, at the general's suggestion, presented me with a splendid subscription pony. It was discovered that Edmunds and I had similarly lost our ways, diverging into the same path. The death blow had been dealt him by the strong left arm of the cripple, and the last breath of the victim had shouted in the vain hope of assistance, the memorable password, "Ticonderoga." The unwitting iteration of this word on my part had revived the remorse of the deed in the heart of the elder assassin.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 17, 1863.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

JOB PRINTING OFFICE.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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"COLONEL FLOYD'S WARDS."

BY "MARION HARLAND."

In the next number of THE POST we design commencing the promised story of "COLONEL FLOYD'S WARDS," written expressly for our columns by the popular authoress, "MARION HARLAND."

AN EXPLANATION.

In our Prospectus for this year we announced among our contributors the name of Edmund Kirke, author of "Among the Pines." That announcement was the result of a correspondence with Mr. Kirke, which we supposed to be closed by a mutual understanding. Recently, however, we received a letter from Mr. Kirke, from which it appears that he never received our last letter, in which we accepted a certain proposition conditionally. He now writes to us however:—"I cannot promise to write at all, but as you have announced me in the 'Pines,' and thus perhaps committed yourselves to the public, I will try to give you what you want before many months."

Notwithstanding the aforesaid blunder of the mail therefore, we have hopes to present our readers before long with a story of Mr. Kirke's upon a subject not hitherto touched by his vivid pen.

THE REASON WHY.

There seems to be an unanimous answer from all the organs of rebel opinion, to those men at the North who like Vallandigham and Brooks talk of "compromise," that they will accept nothing less than an acknowledgment of their independence.

Now the reason of this to us appears very evident—and is, as we think, as follows:—In a popular government, like that of the United States, the will of a determined majority of the voters must always, sooner or later, prevail. Constitutional provisions and judicial decisions amount simply to drag and clogs upon the public sentiment—they may delay, but they can never absolutely arrest

any action which a decided majority of the people may resolve to take.

Therefore with a strong popular antipathy of the majority to any institution, that institution ultimately cannot fail to be overthrown. For entrench it as you may by contracts and guarantees, the wit of an assaulting party can always evade what the wit of the defenders has contrived.

Besides, the judiciary in a free government, will always find means and reasons to gratify the majority of the people—who can bestow such high rewards for faithful service. The history of the highest courts, both in England and America, is by no means deficient in cases where long lines of precedents and decisions have been completely reversed in obedience to the commands of a regal, class, or popular controlling power.

Now if any compromise possibly could be adopted which would enable the minority in a free government to rule or even control the majority, there might be no difficulty in compromising the present rebellion.

Thus John C. Calhoun in his life-time proposed various plans to effect this. One was to have two Presidents, and other of his suggestions were equally absurd and impracticable. But they were absurd only because he was striving to obtain the impossible—a free government in which the majority of voters should not ultimately control and mould all the institutions, state and national.

We are not arguing of course the rightfulness or wrongfulness of such popular action—we are only stating a fact, that the will of the majority, resolutely and inflexibly set upon any change in a free government, will inevitably, sooner or later, effect it. That no paper constitutions, state lines, pledges or guarantees can do more than delay and procrastinate the triumph of such a majority. For if the very essence of your government consist in the principle that the majority shall rule, how are you going to prevent the majority from ruling?

This, as it strikes us, is the reason that the rebel leaders scoff at the very idea of a compromise—regarding any arrangement of the kind that it would be possible to make, as simply tantamount to an ultimate surrender.

MRS. WOOD.

The Press of this city, in a recent article, says:—

All that is positively known of Mrs. Henry Wood is that she resides in the West-end of London, (which suggests that she is well off,) but we suspect from her minute description of a cathedral city and her minute acquaintance with the glove manufacture, that she must have passed her youth in Worcester, the seat of a bishop's see, and a place where glove making employs half the people. Mrs. Wood, who has burst upon the reading world with such sudden splendor, has written stories for the *Saturday Evening Post*, in this city, for several years, but only a few persons seem to have guessed at her great ability.

Yes, and very amusing has it been to THE POST to see its contemporaries, even those domiciled within a stone's throw of its office, heralding Mrs. Wood as a "new star," and speaking of her "sudden splendor," when she had been a regular contributor to THE POST for years. And the story which made Mrs. Wood's reputation, "East Lynne," is not so good a story either as "The Earl's Daughters," published by us just three years ago. But so it has been in other cases. Mrs. Wood is not the first author whose merits were acknowledged in THE POST several years before critics generally could be brought to see them.

In fact, literary people, like all other people, manifest a good deal of the sheep nature. They go in flocks. In England, the old ran in the *London Times*; the *Times* led off in an article upon Mrs. Wood's "East Lynne," and then all the other sheep, big and little, on both sides of the ocean, followed its lead. It's a funny world.

By the way, for the edification of our contemporaries, we may inform them that decidedly the best things that Mrs. Wood has written are her shorter stories—especially "The Red-Court Farm," "The Rock," and "Clara Lake's Dream." The last especially is one of the finest stories we ever read—and yet it was published years ago in THE POST without attracting much attention. Probably it was "caviare to the general."

ARBITRARY ARRESTS.

The Washington *National Intelligencer* says:—

ARBITRARY ARRESTS IN THE SOUTH.—Rev. Mr. GRAVES has been arrested in Richmond for publishing a statement calculated to show that the resources, energy, and determination of the North (which he had recently visited) would in the end, notwithstanding present appearances, prove too much for the South. So it appears that a man must keep his opinions to himself in Richmond if they are unfavorable to the success of the rebellion. Mr. Graves is a distinguished Baptist clergyman of Tennessee, and has recently made a long tour through the Northern States. The result is that he thinks the Government will finally overcome the insurgents; he says so, and is sent to prison.

They make quick work with a man down South who ventures to give public expression even to a doubt of the success of the rebellion. We think it more than probable that as many men have been hung in the South for their Union sentiments, as have been arrested for their rebel proclivities at the North. And this is natural—a bad cause requires greater severity to insure its success than a good one. You have to be very vigilant and active in such cases, for the general tendencies of things are against you. As we read in the Scriptures, "The stars in their courses fought against Sisera."

GEN. BRAGG SUPERCEDED.—The Richmond papers claim that Bragg won the battle of Murfreesboro. And yet we see it stated that Gen. Longstreet has arrived at Shelbyville with thirteen brigades from Lee's army in Virginia, and has superseded Bragg in command of the rebel army in Tennessee. That is a curious mode of rewarding a "victorious" commander—to supersede him.

A CHIVALRIC PHRASE.

The Richmond papers report the rebel leader as speaking on a recent occasion as follows:—

The President then alluded to his visit to the West. He went there to find dissatisfaction and confusion, but he found, on the contrary, as at other places, our gallant boys ready to meet five times their numbers, and to whip them as they have done at Murfreesboro. (.)

The new year, he said, comes in auspiciously for us. It finds us victorious at every point, and it finds our enemies beginning to feel what we have borne patiently; and like true duncilla, we hear them squall at the first touch of the gaff.

The cock-fighting allusion in the last sentence of the above, would seem to prove the stubborn power of vicious associations. Na even while attempting to play the dignified role of "President," could the rebel leader repress the utterance of an allusion which opens to view the innate vulgarity of his mind. Has Mr. Davis given up his connection with the church, relative to which his niece wrote about a year ago in such a pathetic manner? Or is cock-fighting only a week-day recreation, while he is still regular in his attendance at the "stated preachings" on Sundays?

But, aside from the vulgarity of *Jag Davis's* language, that gentleman is probably right, in one sense. If he does hear any "squalling" from the North, it is only from the throats of "true duncilla." From all others, whatever be the political party to which they belong, he hears, to use his own elegant and "superior-class" phraseology, no "squalling."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

INTUITIONS AND SUMMARIES OF THOUGHT. In two volumes. By C. N. BOYER. Published by William Yeazle, Boston.

"Intuitions and Summaries of Thought." What lightning glimpses into the deep Unseen, what deep philosophy, what axioms for the guidance of life does not such a title suggest. The writer of fiction may be content to amuse, the essayist to present and elucidate one idea, but great must be the mind which can thus pour out whole bushels of the very kernels of thought from its own over-brimming storehouse! Moreover, when we see such a work issued by the previous appearance of a part of its contents in the Boston magazine, and followed by a gentle murmur of approval from various Hub-of-the-Universe periodicals, our expectations wax higher and more fervent.

In such a mood of unfaltering faith do we open these pretty volumes, with their strings of apophthegms arrayed in alphabetical orderliness, and prepare to detect ourselves with its plums of wisdom. Alas! and sudden is the collapse with which we find ourselves plunged into a swamp of platitudes and trivialities; notions without lifting better to support them than the "I think so" of their author, or truths so true that their recitation is not only unnecessary but impertinent. But lest our readers should, very reasonably, be disposed to doubt a judgment in opposition to the high authorities aforesaid, let us dip at random into these Intuitions and Summaries of Thought, and give a taste of their quality. To begin modestly with A.

"AMERICANS.

"Every American should consider himself an example to all other men, as his country, politically, (its institution of slavery excepted,) is to all other countries."

Or poetically with B.

"BEAUTY.

"The beauty of a lovely woman is an inspiration, a sweet delirium, a gentle madness. Her looks are love-potions. Heaven itself never so clearly revealed to us as in the face of a beautiful woman."

Cynically with C.

"CONFIDENCE.

"A thorough sounder values the confidence you repose in him only as it enables him to abuse it. He deserves that it may be absolute, that it may put you more completely in his power. Want an extremely of base new does this indicate?"

And so on down to "Izzard."

This is "pretty mischievous, thank you," as an old colored lady says in answer to inquiries as to her health. But the explanatory foot-notes and illustrative anecdotes of our author are much more amusing than his didactic. Boswell himself never showed a more touching naïveté in his self-revelation, and in the complacency with which he records a snub. Under the head of "Beauty and Purity," he gives us the following:

"Happening to observe one day that there was one of the children of Earth over whom the angels, the children of Heaven, might be expected to watch, it was one of the sinners of a sinless and beautiful girl." And why not over the sinners of a homely girl? suggested a friend. "I could not so well conceive it!"

Here is a graceful illustration of the remarkable fact that people object to having their peculiarities sharply criticised.

"Mrs. B." said I, to a charming woman, "do you know that you have a nasal twang to your voice?" The lady colored, this looked surprised, then indignant. I hastened to explain. "Most Americans have, and you, as an American, share the peculiarity." But the explanation came too late. The general truth was disregarded, and only the personal application taken notice of.

Why still the whole race of Dogberries so persist in their desire to be "writ down"—Dogberries!

We do not wish to be ill-natured or personal; but when a man presumes to sit in the teacher's seat he deserves no mercy from the public for the effrontery which offends them such stuff as this. We sum up the book in better words than our own:—"He speaks an infinite deal of nothing more than any man in Venice. His reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff; you shall seek all day ere you find them, and when you have them they are not worth the search."

Mr. Chase's Financial Scheme.

The following Bill recently offered in the House, is said to embody the views of Mr. Chase, and will probably pass—

Be it enacted, etc., That the Secretary of the Treasury is hereby authorized to borrow on the credit of the United States from time to time, and in such amounts as shall be needed for the service of the current and next fiscal year, and in such form and at such rates of interest not exceeding six per cent. per annum, as in his judgment the public interest may require, the sum of nine hundred million dollars, and to issue for any part of that amount coupon or registered bonds, payable in coin at any time after twenty years from date, at the pleasure of the Government, or Treasury notes payable in lawful money at any time not over three years from date, bearing interest not over six per cent. per annum, and for any part of the amount required by the exigencies of the public service to pay the army and navy, and other creditors of the Government, may be issued by the Secretary of the Treasury, and the United States notes not bearing interest, payable to the order of the Treasury, not less than one dollar, as the Secretary of the Treasury may deem expedient. The bonds issued under the authority of the Act shall be of such denominations, not less than fifty dollars, and the Treasury notes of such denominations, not less than ten dollars, as may be determined by the Secretary of the Treasury, and interest on the said bonds shall be paid semi-annually in coin, and on said Treasury notes payable in lawful money, at such time as may be expressed on their face. The Secretary of the Treasury may dispose of said bonds at such rates, not less than par, as he may deem best, for lawful money of the United States, or for any indebtedness of the United States, and they shall be exempt from taxation by or under any State laws. The aggregate amount of all the bonds, Treasury notes and United States notes, together, outstanding under this Act shall not exceed at any one time the sum of nine hundred million dollars.

Section 2. The Treasury notes authorized by this Act with the accrued interest thereon, shall be receivable at par at all times for internal taxes, and all dues to the United States except duties on imports, and may be exchanged at the Treasury of the United States at any time under such rules as may be prescribed by the Secretary of the Treasury for an equal amount of United States notes, not bearing interest as aforesaid; and when returned to the Treasury Department and cancelled, the Secretary of the Treasury may issue Treasury notes of United States notes of the same amount in the place of them.

Section 3. The United States notes not bearing interest, authorized to be issued by this Act, shall be lawful money and a legal tender in payment of all debts, public and private, within the United States, except for duties on imports and interest on the public debt; and any of said notes may be issued from time to time as the exigencies of the public service may require, and new notes may be issued in place of any notes issued or to be issued which have been or may be returned and cancelled.

Section 4. Any bonds that have been heretofore, or that may hereafter be, issued by and on the faith of the Government of the United States, shall be deemed to be due and payable in coin at any time, at the pleasure of the Government of the United States, after the period designated in the bonds for the payment of the same.

Section 5. The Secretary of the Treasury is hereby authorized to receive deposits of coin and bullion with the Treasurer or any Assistant Treasurer of the United States, in sums not less than twenty dollars, and to issue receipts therefor in denominations of not less than twenty dollars each, and corresponding with the denominations of the Government notes not bearing interest; the coin deposited for or representing said receipts shall be retained in the Treasury for the payment of such receipts on demand, and for no other purpose, except that the Treasury may use the same for the payment of interest on the public debt to an extent not beyond one-fifth more than the amount of coin in the Treasury, and such receipt shall be received at par in payment of duties on imports as coin.

Section 6. The Secretary of the Treasury is hereby authorized to receive deposits of coin and bullion with the Treasurer or any Assistant Treasurer of the United States, in sums not less than twenty dollars, and to issue receipts therefor in denominations of not less than twenty dollars each, and corresponding with the denominations of the Government notes not bearing interest; the coin deposited for or representing said receipts shall be retained in the Treasury for the payment of such receipts on demand, and for no other purpose, except that the Treasury may use the same for the payment of interest on the public debt to an extent not beyond one-fifth more than the amount of coin in the Treasury, and such receipt shall be received at par in payment of duties on imports as coin.

Section 7. That in addition to the notes less than one dollar, commonly called postage currency, already issued or hereafter to be issued, the Secretary of the Treasury may issue fractional notes of like amount, prepared, engraved and printed under the direction of the Secretary, in the Treasury Department building; and said fractional notes may be exchanged for said postage currency and for United States notes, and shall be receivable in payment of dues for customs not exceeding one dollar, and for all other dues to the United States not exceeding three dollars.

Section 8. Appropriates six hundred thousand dollars to carry this Act into effect.

THE OPERATIONS OF OUR IRON-CLAD FLEET.

A fleet of three monitors—the Montauk, Passaic and Patuxent—are now prepared for active operations against a southern port. In all probability before the attack is made this fleet will be joined by the Weehawken and Nahant; so that we may not receive intelligence of active operations until the latter part of this month.

No doubt exists of the power of these boats to enter any harbor on the southern coast, where there is water sufficient to float them, and no obstacles, in the face of the most formidable batteries that have been erected. The only question is, whether the great difficulty must be surmounted before the monitors can be made available; they must be transported in safety to the place of destination and be prepared to immediately enter upon their work.

There is no harbor on the Atlantic coast, which it is desirable to possess, that has an offing, or roadstead, sufficiently calm to enable vessels of the monitor class to ride in safety while preparing for an attack, or while commencing a bombardment.

By a violent storm of heavy swell, to defer entering the harbor. Hence from the point of departure, which will be Beaufort, N. C., the time chosen must be of the most favorable state of the weather, and one which has been preceded by off shore winds, so that the sea will be smooth and the run rapid. Then the elements must still be propitious to enable the vessels to run past the batteries and into the harbor. If they succeed in this their object is accomplished. If they fail in almost any particular of their voyage, the failure will in all probability be attended with results of a disastrous nature.

This season is somewhat propitious for a crossing voyage of the monitors, but still the nature of their construction requires that they should be handled with great skill, and that the highest talent should be employed in their navigation. Men of practical experience on the coast, only, should be entrusted with the conduct of so important a movement.

Naval commanders who have lived on the coast and the highest intelligence of the nature and position of the batteries, and the advice and assistance of the local authorities, have been sent in advance.

It is not only the nature of the monitors, but the nature of the batteries, which are to be attacked, that require the highest talent and the most perfect execution.

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GIRLS ON ICE.

Don't imagine for an instant, girls, that learning to skate is the least bit calculated to inspire you with any pleasing emotions. Far from it. I will tell you how it will be. You will say to John Henry:

"How I should like to know how to skate."

John Henry will say:

"Certainly, my love. Of course."

The next time he comes he will bring you a pair of Archer's or Macknet's best.

He will say:

"To-morrow evening, darling, at half past five."

To-morrow evening you will get your skates on about half-past six, with a strong determination to show John Henry what a graceful little fairy you are "on ice." He leads you from "terra firma" to "terra ica," which you at once discover to be a different kind of "terra" altogether. You bow to John Henry, and lift your right foot, which causes you to bow seventeen different ways at once. John Henry tells you to do as he does. You try to do so, and immediately some one falls. You look around to see who it is, and the thought strikes you "perhaps it is myself!" You are picked up, and fall down again eleven times without stopping.

Your skate is loose. Of course it is or you could strike out. John Henry loosens and tightens your straps in the usual way. You strike out with hands and feet with energy and enthusiasm. The former you plunge into John Henry's countenance, and with the latter you succeed in laying him out alongside of yourself. You rise, and he rises partially up, and you throw yourself into his bread basket in a very inhuman way. You hoarsely whisper:

"John Henry, I shall faint if you push me down again."

He helps you up, and you knock him down five times without stopping. At last you let him stand. He persuades you to release him, while he wipes the sweat from his noble brow. You nobly grant the boon; and, after superhuman exertions to maintain the perpendicular, you quietly settle stolidly into John Henry's coat sleeve. A look of desperation says, as plainly as a look can, "John Henry, why do you push and throw me down in this disagreeable way?"

He looks at his watch.

"Is it possible! Eight o'clock, and your mother said you must be at home at nine."

Your prayers have been answered; and it is he that wants to go home and not you.

You go home, and, if not very pious, you think a few very mild bad words about skating in general and learning to skate in particular.

Four days after, when you are just able to walk around the house, without limping—if you are reckless of life and limb—regardless of sprained ankles—or married to a fellow what your palsies and you don't—you will go again and learn to skate. It's ten to one, though, that you never try the second time. So much "on ice."

FOSSIL HUMAN REMAINS.—The question of fossil human remains has acquired a little fresh interest from the exploration made in a cave at Engouli, in the province of Liege, by M. Malaise, of which a notice appears in the Bulletin of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Brussels. With a view to test the discoveries of Schnerling, made in the same province, M. Malaise explored the cave above mentioned, and discovered portions of lower jaws and fragments of skulls, all human, under a layer of stalagmite of from two to three centimetres thick, which in turn was covered by a bed of porous and pebbly silt, accumulated to a thickness of from fifty to sixty centimetres. With this silt were mingled bones of the cavern-beast, of pachyderms and ruminants; and as it showed no trace of ever having been disturbed, the conclusion is that the human bones are older than those of the quadrupeds. The subject has been ably discussed by the Belgian geologists, and as geologists in all parts of the world are keenly watching for fresh evidence, we may regard the question as likely to become more and more interesting.—*Chamber's Journal.*

RAILWAY ETHICS.—"What's the justice into a railroad?" said an old fellow, as he sat on his "steep" about the going down of the sun, somewhere in the neighborhood of Cape Cod, "what's the justice into 'em? What's the justice in carting sand of my farm to put it onto another man's mule? Cuttin' round the country, runnin' over folks, killin' calves, and heifers, and sheeps—where's the justice in all that? And where's the 'commutation of 'em? As it used to be, when I wanted to go to Boston, I could tackle up my team in the morning, after a good breakfast, and set off when I got ready; now you've got to go when the bell rings! They wouldn't wait ten minutes for you. And when you get to Boston you can't stop where you want to—can't drive to where you want to put up. What kind of 'commutation is that? And just so when you're comin' home; got to go to a particular place afore you can start, and got to come away when the bell rings again! Good deal of 'commutation in that, ain't it? I've never rode on one of the darned things, and I never will; but it's got on three years now that I've seen 'em come out and go in, and I never could see that they went so darned fast either."

A Journalist, whose wife had just presented him with twins, and who, for this reason, was compelled to neglect his paper for one day, wrote, the day after, the following excuse:—"We were unable to issue our paper yesterday, in consequence of the arrival of two extra males."

Physiognomy is a true science. The man of profound thought, the man of ability, and, above all, the man of genius, has his character stamped by nature; the man of violent passions and the voluptuary have it stamped by habit.

TRIALS OF AUTHORS.

Miss M. A. Braddon, whose novel of "Lady Audley's Secret" has gone into the eighth London edition in six months, was nearly unknown, as a writer, a year ago. First she tried to live as a piano-forte player and vocalist, but the public did not encourage her. Next, she played a small part or two on the stage, but with equal bad results. Lastly, she collapsed into pen and ink, wrote a sketch called the "Artist's Story," and, with great difficulty, succeeded in getting it published in a small periodical called *The Welcome Guest*. However, she got paid for it—a trifle, but enough to encourage her. One remembers how Scott's "Waverley" lay unfinished for ten years in an old desk, because his friend James Hallantype threw upon it the cold water of his hostile criticism—how Charles Dickens had to entreat Dr. Black as a favor to admit his "Sketches by Boz" into the *Evening Chronicle*, as they were pronounced not good enough for the morning edition—how William Howitt's "Book of the Seasons," of which 100,000 copies have been sold, was rejected by nearly every London publisher, until, in very despair, he took the bundle of manuscript to Waterloo Bridge, determined to consign it to the Thames, but luckily met, in the Strand, Mr. Bentley, the only publisher he had not tried, who purchased the book at once—how Charlotte Bronte hawked "Jane Eyre" from post to pillar before any one would publish it—how Mrs. Stowe had great trouble in getting "Uncle Tom's Cabin" printed—how Mr. Thackeray was in the same predicament with "Vanity Fair," and seriously thought of burning it, in his anger and despair. Miss Braddon's name may be added to the list.—*Phila. Press.*

The Question of Peace.

The Richmond Dispatch of Jan. 10, discusses Mr. James Brooks's peace proposition. It says:

"Mr. Brooks appears to be in earnest in these extravagant propositions, strange as it may appear to any man who has possession of his senses; for, upon the occasion of presenting them, he made a long speech, and expressed himself confident of their success. Are the Northern people all natural-born fools, or are they only struck with that judicial madness which we are told the gods always inflict upon the victims of their wrath preparatory to their ruin? Can they suppose that the South is as glib and as easily swayed as themselves, and that they are willing, for mere considerations of interest, to forget the unheard-of outrages under which they have suffered during this war? Can they believe their capacity of so soon burying in oblivion all that they have done, and all that they have suffered?"

If the whole Yankee race should fall down in the dust to-morrow and pray to be their masters, we would spare them even as slaves. Our only wish is to be separated from them finally and forever—never to see the face of one of them again—never to hear the voice of another Yankee on the south side of the Potomac or the north—to have no traffic and no intercourse of any description whatever with them. We are fighting for separation, and we will have it, if it cost the life of every man in the Confederate States.

"We are aware that many persons believe that the party of which Brooks and Van Buren are the representatives, desire and design to restore peace, and that at present they dare not speak out their real sentiments, which are in favor of a partition. We do not believe they are in favor of any such thing. They would like peace on condition of our return to the Union, and they are fools enough to believe that a majority of the people in the Confederacy are in favor of reunion. They would like peace on these terms, because it would restore the commercial supremacy of the North, and especially of the city of New York, which is gone forever if the Union be not restored. But they are as bitterly opposed to separation as Lincoln himself, or any of the thieves or murderers who lead his armies. In the event of a refusal to return to the Union, they would to a man unite in hounding on the assassins who are desolating our country and murdering our people as fiercely as they have ever been hounded on by Beecher and Hale. They look only to their pockets, and they preach of reconciliation and restoration. If the same object could be effected by entirely destroying the people of the Southern States, and they thought it as easy to do, they would recommend it as the best of all possible policy. Let them be satisfied, however, President Davis expressed the sentiment of the entire Confederacy, in his speech the other night, when he said the people would sooner unite with a nation of hyenas than with the detested Yankee nation. Anything but that, English colonization, French vassalage, Russian serfdom, all, all are preferable to an association with the Yankees."

The Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle treats of the same topic as follows:

"We must recollect that there is yet no peace party at the North based upon the only terms upon which we can make a peace. The so-called peace party, or Democrats, or conservatives, or whatever they call themselves, have apparently no dissatisfaction of the manner in which it is carried on. Such is their professional tone—they may grow in grace until they advocate peace on our own terms; but it requires time for such a growth, and at present they are powerless. They are so much the more to be depended on, perhaps, because they are not in power, for the odds are always more virtuous than the victor; but it is to be feared that when they become so their virtue will give way before the temptation offered by the public plunder."

A REBEL RAIN.—Advises from Nashville on the 16th, say that Brigadier-General Forrest, of the rebel army, with a force of about four thousand men and twelve pieces of light artillery, attacked our relief and store-ships coming up the Cumberland river, and succeeded in capturing five steamboats, laden with valuable commissary stores, and the gunboat *Sidell*. Several of the boats contained wounded soldiers, who, in jumping from them while burning, were shot in the water.

The negro crews were stripped of their clothing, tied to trees, and shot, and left to starve on shore. The boats were set on fire, and the river was covered with the bodies of the dead. The rebels were then stripped of their clothing, packed on shore, and proved.

On the other hand, an entire rebel regiment, numbering about three hundred men, desert and came into our post, fifteen miles beyond Murfreesboro, on the 15th.

I tell you, love, I have got the plan all in my head. "Ah, then state in a nutshell."

A LIVING DEATH.

It sometimes happens on certain coasts of Brittany or Scotland, that a man, traveller or fisherman, walking on the beach at low tide far from the bank, suddenly notices that for several minutes he has been walking with some difficulty. The strand beneath his feet is like pitch; his soles stick to it; it is sand no longer; it is glue. The beach is perfectly dry, but at every step he takes, as soon as he lifts his foot, the print which it leaves fills with water. The eye, however, has noticed no change; the immense strand is smooth and tranquil, all the sand has the same appearance; nothing distinguishes the surface which is no longer so; the joyous little cloud of sand-flee continues to leap tumultuously over the wayfarer's feet. The man pursues his way, goes forward, inclines towards the land, endeavors to get nearer the upland.

He is not anxious. Anxious about what? Only he feels somehow as if the weight of his feet increased with every step which he takes. Suddenly he sinks in. He sinks in two or three inches. Decidedly he is not on the right road; he stops to take his bearings. All at once he looks at his feet. His feet have disappeared. The sand covers them. He draws his feet out of the sand, he will retrace his steps; he turns back, he sinks in deeper. The sand comes up to his ankles, he pulls himself out and throws himself to the left; the sand is half-leg deep; he throws himself to the right, the sand comes up to his thighs.

Then he recognizes, with unexpressed terror that he is caught in the quicksand, and that he has beneath him the fearful medium in which man can no more walk than the fish can swim. He throws off his load, if he has one; he lightens himself like a ship in distress; it is already too late, the sand is above his knees.

He calls, he waves his hat or his handkerchief, the sand gains on him more and more; if the beach is deserted, if the land is too far off, if the sand-bank is of too ill repute, if there is no hero in sight, it is all over, he is condemned to entombment. He is condemned to that appalling internment, long, inflexible, implacable, impossible to slacken, or to hasten, which endures for hours; which will not end, which seizes you erect, free and in full health, which draws you by the feet, which, at every effort that you attempt, at every shout that you utter, drags you a little deeper, which appears to punish you for your resistance by a redoubting of its grasp, which sinks the man slowly into the earth, while it leaves him all the time to look at the horizon, the trees, the green fields, the smoke of the village in the plain, the sails of the ships upon the sea, the birds flying and singing, the sunshine and the sky. Each minute is an inexorable embourgeoisment.

The victim attempts to sit down, to lie down, to creep; every movement he makes intensifies him; he straightens up, he sinks in; he feels that he is being swallowed up; he howls, implores, cries to the clouds, wrings his hands, despairs. Behold him waist deep in the sand; the sand reaches his breast, he is now only a bust. He raises his arms, utters furious groans, clutches the beach with his nails, would hold by that straw, leans upon his elbows to pull himself out of this soft sheath, sobs frenziedly; the sand rises. The sand reaches his shoulders; the sand reaches his neck; the face alone is visible now. The mouth cries, the sand fills it—silence. The eyes still gaze, the sand shuts them—night. Then the forehead descends, a little hair flutters above the sand, a hand protrudes, comes through the surface of the beach, moves and shakes, disappears. Stouter effacement of man.

GEN. ROBERTSON'S ORDER FOR THE IMPROVEMENT OF REBEL OFFICERS.—General Order No. 1.—The General commanding is pleased to inform the commissioned officers of the Confederate army, taken prisoners by forces under his command, that, owing to the barbarous measures announced by President Davis, in his recent proclamation, denying parole to our officers, he will be obliged to treat them in like manner.

It is a matter of regret to him that this rigorous application is necessary. He trusts that such retrograde action may be made in the name of justice, humanity and civilization may reach the Confederate authorities as will induce them to pursue a different course, and thereby enable him to accord to their officers the privileges which he is always pleased to extend to brave men, even though fighting for a cause which he considers hostile to our nation and disastrous to human freedom.

By command of Gen. ROBERTSON.

C. GORDMAN, A. A. G.

A FRENCH MOVE IN TEXAS.—The most important portion of the recently intercepted rebel correspondence relates to a movement on the part of the French Consuls at Galveston and Richmond, supposed to have originated in Paris, to induce Texas to secede from the Southern Confederacy and establish an independent Government. The result of this discovery was an order to Gen. McClellan to send the Consul at Galveston to Mexico as quickly as possible, and the Richmond Consul to leave immediately. The order with regard to the latter was, however, rescinded.

It further appears that the reception awarded by Earl Russell to Mr. Commissioner Mason, at London, is not such as corresponds with the latter's sense of propriety and with the expectations of the authorities at Richmond.

A NEW ORLEANS correspondent says—

"A most remarkable affair occurred recently in the former port of the city of New Orleans. A French Consul, M. de la Roche, who had occasion to enter the city, found a row lying up in one of the docks, and taking it up to such a height, he was somewhat surprised to find it was not a boat, but a person. It is supposed the row contained a poisonous powder, which caused the Consul's death. The powder was then secured, and was analyzed by a skilful chemist."

PACIFIC RAILROAD.—The Leavenworth (Kansas) Times of Sunday last, says that a large number of rail and iron have just arrived in that city, and will be employed in the work of constructing the Pacific Railroad, thence west, in the following manner: The work is to be pushed with the utmost vigor.

In proportion as a man loves his wife he becomes celestial.—*Saxtonberg.*

LATEST NEWS.

A VICTORY IN ARKANSAS.

FROM 7,000 TO 10,000 MEN CAPTURED.

CAIRO, Jan. 16.—The ram *Switzerland* arrived here this evening from the squadron. She brings news of the taking of Arkansas Post on the Arkansas river, one hundred miles from the mouth, by the land and naval forces under McClernand and Porter. The surrender occurred on Sunday, with all the guns, stores, and ammunition.

The full particulars have not been received. The rebel loss is said to have been 330 killed and wounded, and 7,000 prisoners. Our loss is reported to be 200, mostly by shells from our own guns.

The fort mounted nine guns. An immense amount of munitions of war fell into our hands.

The rebels were cut off from retreat on both sides of the river. The garrison of 7,000 surrendered unconditionally.

CAIRO, Jan. 17.—The ram *Sturm*, which left Arkansas Post on Monday, arrived here to-day. She fully confirms the reported capture of that post.

The attack was made on Friday evening by the gunboats, the land forces detaching two miles below, and marching to the rear of the fortifications.

The rebels had earthworks two miles below the main fort, which we shelled and captured, not, however, before they did some damage to the gunboats.

Two Texas regiments, not aware that the place had surrendered, came in to reinforce them, and were also captured.

Our loss in the engagement was not as heavy as at first reported.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 18.—The following has been received at head-quarters of the Tennessee—

Memphis, Jan. 14, 1863.—To Major-General Halleck, Commander-in-Chief.—The following despatch is just received:

Head-quarters Army of the Mississippi, Post of Arkansas, Jan. 11, 1863.—To Major-General C. S. Grant, Commanding Department of the Tennessee—I have the honor to report that the forces under my command attacked the post of Arkansas to-day, at 1 o'clock, and, having surmounted the enemy's works, took a large number of prisoners, variously estimated at from 7,000 to 10,000, together with all his stores, animals, and munitions of war.

Rear-Admiral David D. Porter, commanding the Mississippi squadron, effectively and brilliantly co-operated in accomplishing this complete success.

JOHN A. MCCLERNAND, Major-General Commanding.

U. S. GRANT, Major-General.

The Army of the Potomac Moving.

According to letters from the Army of the Potomac, a movement of the troops had taken place, and the army had crossed the Rappahannock above and below Fredericksburg. This indicates immediate action. It is believed that the rebel army has been reduced in strength, for the purpose of holding the important railroad connections in Tennessee and North Carolina. The danger was that the whole army in front of Burnside would be spirited away piecemeal, to oppose our movements in those quarters. The forward movement of Burnside's army will check this purpose, and either relieve our other expeditions or of the danger of being overwhelmed by superior numbers, or render Richmond liable to capture.

The Payment of the Troops.

The current error that the payments to the troops have been suspended requires correction. Nearly \$4,000,000 have been paid within the last ten days, and the payments on Saturday exceed \$1,000,000.

From North Carolina.

NEW YORK, Jan. 18.—The Richmond papers of the 16th, contain a telegraphic despatch to the effect that all was quiet at Wilmington, N. C. It was believed that the Federal fleet and land forces were en route for Wilmington, and all non-combatants were requested to leave the city.

Another force of from 6,000 to 10,000 strong were said to be advancing towards Kingston.

A Federal blockade steamer is ashore off Wicliamsville, in the Sound, and her crew still on board. Another blockade steamer was lying near and the latter stands a chance of becoming a total wreck.

Important from Newbern, N. C.

A letter has been received in this city, this morning, direct from Newbern, bringing the very latest intelligence from that point. The letter is dated last Saturday morning, Jan. 10—several days later than any previously received. The regular mails were to be interrupted for a short time, and everything indicated a heavy movement in some direction. The fleet of iron-clads was lying in sight, and siege guns, medium artillery, shells and fixed ammunition were being put into vessels in large quantities. Our troops were generally in good health.—*Boston Traveller, Jan. 16.*

APPROPRIATE.—How graceful and fitting it is that the wife of the Secretary of the Interior should be the bountiful provider of a Christmas dinner for the soldiers at Washington!

A gentleman having engaged a brick-layer to make some repairs in his cellar, ordered the man to be removed before the brick-layer commenced his work. "Oh, I am not afraid of a barrel of ale, sir," said the man. "I presume not," said the gentleman, "but I think a barrel of ale would run at your apron."

RATHER DIRTY.—A man in Wisconsin, while bathing in the river last week, discovered after an inebriation "a ru" of his person for about five minutes, a pair of drawers which he had lost about two years before.

Ladies, please be sweet, but don't be too formal. Be roses, but don't be prim roses.

May we never create unnecessary good things, nor lack those that are naturally good for us.

"I don't remember having seen you before," said the lawyer to his comrade.

Never speak of a man's virtue before his face, nor of his vices behind his back.

"Come, cheer up," said the man to the man who was cutting off his wool.

An expensive novelty for a Christmas tree is the latest invention. It is a mechanical tree that rotates round to its own satisfaction. The machinery is concealed by the trunk, which is covered with moss; the branches are fitted into sockets prepared for them.

An advertisement in a provincial paper has been thus:—To be, forever, or longer if required.

OUR WEDDING DAY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
BY MRS. M. P. TUCKER.

The frozen earth lies hid away,
Beneath the winter's snow;
And so it was our wedding-day,
Just seven years ago.

We did not miss the summer flowers,
Nor mourn the winter's time;
But blossomed in those hours of ours,
The bliss of summer time.

Oh, Love! upon thy wings are borne
A blessing and a balm;
The golden glory of the morn,
The evening's peaceful calm!

I see through all the mist of years
The life that blossomed away my tears,
Just seven years ago!

The frozen earth lies hid away,
The winds of winter moan;
Oh, darling! 'tis our wedding-day,
And I am here alone!

Far on the tested field I know,
Beneath our banner free,
The heart that fears no human foe,
Is sorrowful for me!

And tears bedim the eyes of blue,
Where tears had never shone;
The strong arms valiant, brave and true,
Do long to clasp his own!

As stars in Memory's placid lake,
His children's faces shine;
And if he sleep or if he wake,
He will remember mine!

Well in his inmost heart he knows,
Whatever sorrow come,
From faithful friends, or cruel foes,
Love waits for him at home.

Now as the waning day grows dim,
One face alone I see;
Dear Lord! be merciful to him,
And bring him back to me!

Then will we when the winters fall
Upon our locks with snow;
With unregretful lips recall
The grief of long ago.

How shall I greet the coming Spring,
Her voice of bird and bee,
Her burgeoning and blossoming,
If mine return to me!

January 6th, 1863.

UP THE ALABAMA.

FROM THE LONDON "ONCE A WEEK."

It was a soft, bright, warm evening in March (which corresponds to the June of our colder clime) when I took my way down the broad streets of Mobile, bound up the Mobile and Alabama rivers to Montgomery, the beautiful capital of the state, and for a time, of the Southern Confederacy.

As I approached the pier, the air was filled with the music of a steam organ on one of the boats, which was played by a German musical artist, engaged by the year, at a handsome salary. It is a strange music that fills the air with a vast body of harmony, carrying with it the impression of the power that gives it birth—in the range of long cylindrical boilers—of which the organ is the melodious collection of escape pipes and safety valves.

The Mobile river, which is but an extension of the deep bay into which flow the Tombigbee and the Alabama, is broad and deep, and was now bank full. There were scarcely any visible shores. We steamed through a vast forest, which opened before us in picturesque reaches of the richest semi-tropical foliage, and the air was thick with the odor of the orange blossom and the jessamine. The two fine rivers which unite to form the Mobile, have, like it, preserved their Indian names, but how the tribe that found for two of them such musical designations as Mobile and Alabama ever came to name a river the Tombigbee, I shall leave to some Choctaw or Cherokee to find a satisfactory explanation. Perhaps I do the aboriginal savages injustice. The Americans are not slow at conjecturing names when they can make them sound more familiar. Thus a point on the Mississippi, which the French named Le Bois Brule, is known to all the boatmen as "Bob Ruly's Woods."

The captain of our steamer was an Irishman, tall, handsome, eloquent, and thoroughly and enthusiastically Southern American in his views and feelings. For twenty years he had steamed up and down the Alabama, and he could not have been more devoted to his adopted country, or the section to which he belonged, had he been born upon the banks of the river.

As we sat forward of the pilot-house, on the promenade deck, enjoying the soft and perfume-laden evening breeze, he told me his story. When a boy of nineteen, he found himself, a raw immigrant, with five dollars in his pocket, on the banks of this river, looking for work; and the first, hardest, and toughest he could find was that of a deck-hand on a steamboat. He became one of a gang of white and black, who stood ready to take and receive freight, take in wood, and load the furnaces. This hard and rapid work came at all hours of day or night, and the crew was as hard as the work. I have seen him, a group of negroes on one side of the boat, and of the white hands, mostly Irish or Germans, on the other, eating their bread and bacon, and drinking black coffee from an iron pan, seated on piles of wood or bales of cotton.

But the wages, to a poor Irish boy, were a strong inducement. They gave him eight cents a month, and found, in a rough cabin, home for food, and for his bed a dry mat on the cotton bales. He went to work, and was so sober, active, and intelligent, that he made had no excuse to knock him into

the river with a billet of wood, as was the custom.

He had been a week on the boat, when, one dark night, a fire was seen, and a cry heard, on the bank of the river. The mate would not land, but sent Patrick ashore in the yawl. Standing by the signal fire at the river side, attended by two or three grinning negroes, was a planter, who handed him a package, and said,

"Here is thirty-four thousand dollars (\$). Give it to the captain or clerk, and ask him to deposit it for me, in the Planter's Bank, as soon as you get in. Tell them not to forget it, as it is to pay a note that falls due day after to-morrow."

Patrick put the money into his bosom, and pushed off into the dark and lonely river. Doubtless he might have got ashore, and away; and doubtless he thought of it, as he felt the fortune in his bosom, but he pulled straight for the boat, as the lay, blowing off steam in mid-channel. And while he rowed he thought of what he must do.

"What was it all about?" asked the mate, as he sprang on the low deck.

"A message for the captain, sir," said Patrick.

"Then go into the cabin and give it to him, and be quick about it," said the not-over-polite officer.

Patrick went up the companion way to the cabin, where he found the jolly captain, with a group of planters and merchants, busy at a game of poker, and more busy with the punch. He turned to the clerk, who was deeper in both punch and poker than the captain.

"Faith, an' this will never do," said Patrick. "If I give them the money to-night, they will lose at poker, and never remember it in the morning." So he went forward on deck again, and stowed the package of bank notes at the bottom of his clothes-bag in the forecastle, if so small a hole can be dignified by any such an appellation.

In the morning, when the officers were awake and sober, Patrick handed over his money and message.

"What is all this?" said the captain; "where did you get this money?"

"I went ashore in the yawl for it last night, sir."

"And why did you not bring it to the office at once?"

"I did, sir; but you and the clerk were both very busy."

The passengers, who had been engaged in the same line of business, had a hearty laugh.

"Young man," said the captain, "how long have you been on this boat?"

"A week, sir."

"And how much money have you got?"

"Five dollars, sir."

"Very well—go to your work."

In three weeks, Patrick was second mate; in a year, first mate; and, not long after, captain; and now, as we sat talking on the Alabama, he had a wife, children, a plantation, and two or three steamboats.

The Alabama flows through the richest cotton country in the world. It winds about as if it had taken a contract to water as much of the state as possible, and give a good steamboat landing to every plantation. Our general course, from Mobile to Montgomery, was north-east, but we were often steaming for hours south-west, and in every other direction. The distance, as the crow flies, is a hundred and sixty miles; by the river it is little less than four hundred. The banks of the river are low in some places; in others high and precipitous, and everywhere covered with the richest and most luxuriant vegetation. There were a thousand landscapes in which a painter would revel.

The passengers were a curious study for the traveler. Here was a swarthy planter, taking his newly-purchased gang of hands up to his newly-bought plantation. He had purchased a thousand acres of wild land for twenty-five thousand dollars—five thousand down. He had bought four or five families of negroes at New Orleans, twenty-five thousand more—half cash. And now he was ready to clear away the forest, and raise cotton; to buy more negroes, to raise more cotton; and so on, until tired of the monotonous accumulation.

There were Virginians, also, who had been spending the winter in New Orleans, and were now returning before the hot season should commence. They were attended by their body servants; and nicer, better behaved, more intelligent, gentlemanly and lady-like people of color it would be difficult to find anywhere. If there is such a thing as genius for service or servitude, it is developed in these "hereditary bondsmen," who care no little to "be free," that they will not "strike the blow."

We had politicians and preachers, and three Sisters of Charity from the hospitals of New Orleans, going home to recruit, a thousand miles to their mother-house in Maryland. All over the South these Sisters travel free. Where there is yellow fever they have friends, and no Southerner would touch their money.

At last we are at Montgomery. It is a beautiful little town, of ten thousand inhabitants, built upon more hills than Rome, with deeper valleys between them. It is a city of palaces and gardens; not crowded into a narrow space, but spread out broadly over the hills and valleys, with wide streets, handsome villas, elegant shops, and such gardens as the South, with its glorious wealth of foliage and flowers, can give. A large and handsome domed state-house crowns one of the finest eminences.

Montgomery impresses the traveler with its beauty and riches. It is the centre of one of the finest cotton regions, in the finest cotton state—a state of sixty thousand square miles—and the plantations, which stretch away on every side, were in the highest state of cultivation. Every negro could make five or six bales of cotton, besides raising his own corn and bacon. A hundred negroes, therefore, besides their own support, made five or

six hundred bales of cotton, worth twenty-five or thirty thousand dollars, which represents the clear profit of a well-conducted plantation. The yearly export of the single town of Montgomery was 100,000 bales, amounting to 5,000,000 dollars a year. Well might it be prosperous and rich. There may have been poor people, but I saw none. In a thousand miles of that country one never sees a hand held out for charity. On every side is abounding wealth. The population of such a city is like nothing in Europe. The middle class is small—the lower class is wanting. There is more wealth, style, and fashion in a town like Montgomery, of ten thousand inhabitants, than in a European town of eighty or a hundred thousand.

When I arrived in Montgomery, the good citizens had a new sensation. Since the abolition of the slave trade, no negroes had ever been imported from Africa, until the owner of the yacht Wanderer took a fancy to buy a small cargo at Dahomey, and distribute them, as an experiment, among the planters of Alabama. They did not sell for much; as there was risk in the purchase, few cared to try them. There was one native African boy at Montgomery; a bright little fellow enough, a pet with his master, of whom he had become very fond, and the little savage was learning the language, manners and customs very rapidly. There was no need to punish him. It was only necessary to threaten to send him back to Dahomey. He would fall on his knees in great distress, and earnestly beg to be saved from so terrible a misfortune.

Montgomery, like most of the considerable towns in America, has its cemetery laid out like a park or pleasure-ground, and is becoming filled with ambitious marble monuments. A portion of the ground is set apart for negroes, and they, too, have their grave-stones, which record their humble virtues. I was struck by the original form of a marble monument which an honest German had raised to an adopted son, who had been drowned in the river. The epitaph was so peculiar that I copied it:

"Stop as you pass by my grave. Here I, John Schocker, rest my remains. I was born in New Orleans, the 22nd of Nov., 1841; was brought up by good friends; not taking their advice, was drowned in this city in the Alabama river, the 27th of May, 1855. Now I warn all young and old to beware of the dangers of this river. See how I am fixed in this watery grave; I have got but two friends to mourn."

What Montgomery now is, or may be in the future, I know not, but I shall always remember it as a bright, beautiful, elegant, and hospitable city, and worthy, from its refinement and hospitality, of a prosperous and noble destiny. N. M.

I LOVED HER WHEN A BOY.

How many men are there whose cheeks have become wrinkled, and whose hair has turned gray with the cares and sorrows of many years, who will not have a sigh as they sadly recall the fond anticipations of youth, and compare them with the dull realities of their experience through life? Let them read the following lines, and say if there is not something in them that stirs up the fond recollection of their youthful and happy days long, long ago.

I met her; she was thin and old;
She stooped and trod with tottering feet;
The hair was gray that once was gold;
The voice was harsh that once was sweet;
Her hands were wrinkled, and her eyes,
Robbed of the glistering light of joy,
Were dim! I felt a sad surprise
That I had loved her when a boy.

But yet a something in her air
Restored to me the vanished time;
My heart grew young and seemed to year
The brightness of my youthful prime.
I took her withered hand in mine—
Its touch recalled a ghost of joy—
I kissed it with a reverent sigh,
For I had loved her when a boy.

NOVEL METHOD OF COOKING.—That necessity is the mother of invention is clearly proved by a writer in our Western army. He tells of an Illinois cavalry regiment, where every man is provided with two little pockets in his jacket, one of which is for salt and the other for pepper. Each man also carries with him a small sack of two or three pounds of flour. When they camp for the night, the nearest cornfield supplies them with thousands of small bake-ovens in the shape of corn husks. Each man procures an ear of corn with the husk still on it; the husk is slightly parted at the top to allow the fingers to be inserted; the ear is twisted around several times until it breaks loose at the bottom, and is then drawn out, leaving the husk a clean and complete cup. In this the flour is mixed and seasoned, and after closing the top again, it is buried in the hot ashes of the camp fire for half an hour, after which it is drawn out and the charred husk pulled off, disclosing a fresh, hot roll.

TO PREVENT WATER PIPES FROM BURSTING.—There exists so simple a mode of preventing water pipes in houses bursting by frost that we suspect that the plumbers must be aware of it and keep it carefully out of sight. It is to have a small spherical cistern of thin copper attached to the lower part of the water pipe and a gas burner fixed below it. When the frost is on the gas is lighted, the effect will be that the cistern will become a boiler on a small scale, circulating sufficient warmth through the pipes to prevent the action of the frost either in stopping the supply or in bursting the pipes.—Exchange.

Lamartine, says a Paris letter, has just received 400,000 francs as the part proceeds of a lottery, which will pay all his debts, and enable him to end his days in comfort. The city of Paris gave him a beautiful purse.

Some one has beautifully said: "The water that flows from a spring does not congeal in winter, and those sentiments of friendship which flow from the heart cannot be frozen in adversity."

LOVE AND PISTOLS.

The winter after I took possession of my estate, I went to Bath with my mother, who introduced me to Julia Faulkner, a lovely girl, with an independent fortune of thirty thousand pounds. She was extremely amiable and well informed, and I paid her as much attention as my constitutional timidity would allow me. It was evident that a more intimate connection between us was desired by our respective parents, and I little doubt but in the course of time I should have mustered courage to propose to her, and I doubt as little that I should have been accepted. A confoundedly tall Irish Colonel, however, with black whiskers, and a most ferocious aspect, appeared on the scene, and became, as well as myself, the constant attendant of Julia. But what chance had I with a fellow of his appearance, profession, and impudence? His loquacity obliged me to sit in his presence as silent as a statue; or, if I ventured to make a remark, he was sure to interrupt me before I could utter a sentence. If I secured her scorn to insure myself the pleasure of covering her ivory shoulders, he would take it from me with the utmost coolness, and praise my attention to the ladies.

I had once seated her in my cabriolet for a drive, and was about to follow her, when the Colonel rode up on horseback, and, leaping from his saddle, entreated me, if I loved him, to try what I could do to tame his animal, which, he said, was so vicious that no horse-manship but mine would have any effect upon him. Without waiting for a reply, he seized the reins, leaped into the carriage, and drove off, begging me, when I had done with the horse, to let my servant take him to the stable. Thither indeed he went, as soon as I had recovered from the effects of this astounding piece of assurance.

One evening, as we were leaving Julia's house, the Colonel addressed me in a very quiet, and, indeed, in almost a friendly tone—

"Faith, now, my dear fellow," said he, "this won't do at all. As only one of us can marry this girl, we must not both of us go on loving her at this rate; so we'll meet to-morrow morning on Lansdown, and decide which it shall be. Just name your friend, and I'll desire my Cousin Bob, who always attends me on these occasions, to call and arrange the affair."

All the warmth of my affection for Julia thawed at these words. I could live for her, but I could not die for her; so I protested that had I known his pretensions to the lady, I should never have made advances, and should therefore think no more of her. This, he said, was so prodigiously handsome that he should be happy to become more particularly acquainted with me, and we parted with an engagement that I should dine with him the next day, having, he said, six elegant sisters, whom he was desirous of introducing me to. I went, and was most graciously received by the whole family, particularly by Miss O'Shane, the eldest daughter, a short, thick girl, with flaxen hair, (now, like Lord Byron, "I hate a dumpy woman," and flaxen hair is my abomination,) white cheeks, and no eyebrows. Next this lady I was seated at dinner; in the evening we went to the rooms, and with this lady it was my fate to dance.

The next morning the Colonel called on me, and took me with him to inquire after the ladies. They were about to go on a shopping expedition, and Miss O'Shane was handed over to my protection. In short, by the extremely clever conduct of Mrs. O'Shane, Col. O'Shane, and Miss O'Shane, the fashionable circles of the fashionable city of Bath speedily resounded with the intended marriage of this accomplished young lady and Mr. Tyrrel Tremington.

Things had gone on in this way for a few weeks, when, one morning, meeting the Colonel in the Crescent, he took me by the arm, and turning into the gravel walk, "Faith, Tremington," said he, "really, now, I don't think you use me well in this affair with my sister. Here's all the world acquainted with your attachment to Martha, (I always detested the name of Martha) except her own brother and your particular friend. Now, if this concealment arose from any doubt of my consent, my dear fellow, put that out of your head, for I do not know the man with whom I would sooner trust the girl's happiness than yourself. Upon my soul, now, I'm in earnest, and she is, I must say, the best creature in the world—just suited to you—full of soul and sentiment (a woman of soul and sentiment was always my abhorrence). Just now, to be sure, a shade of melancholy hangs about her, in consequence of Sir Thomas Liston's conduct. Perhaps you have not heard of it. Faith, he was a great scoundrel. It was at Brighton last summer. He had been paying her attentions at all times and everywhere—as kind and affectionate as your own, my dear fellow—and everybody said the day was fixed, as they do now respecting you, you know. He had made, too, considerable advances in her affections; not so far as you have, however, that I must acknowledge. Well, I spoke to him one morning, just as I am now speaking to you, and he had the impudence to tell me that he had nothing to do with the talk of the town, and that he had no intention of encumbering himself with a wife. You may guess the rest, my good fellow; we met the next morning on the Downs, and I settled his business completely. I never made a cleaner shot in my life. The surgeon told me afterward that it went through the centre of the pericardium. It struck first just here," said the Colonel, tapping the fourth button of the left lapel of my coat; and the blow, gentle as it was, would have prostrated me had it not been for the supporting arm of the Colonel. "But come, I see you are agitated," continued he, "and the sooner we get over the declaration—the premier pas, you know—the sooner your happiness will begin."

I stopped a moment—I thought that I also could tell him that I was not prepared to encumber myself with a wife; for a moment I considered whether it would not be better to be shot at once than to be married to Miss

O'Shane; but the thought of the pistol-bullet through the centre of the pericardium came across my mind with all its dreadful circumstances, and I suffered myself to be led to the Colonel's house, where we found the young lady solitary and melancholy. Here the Colonel soon settled the business; he assured her by a sister's love to have compassion on the feelings of his friend; and when the girl hid her face in one hand, and held out the other, he placed the latter in mine with a most tremendous squeeze, and declared it to be the happiest day of his life. He then led me aside, and entreated me not to hurry the wedding-day too quickly; he hoped I could wait three weeks. Well, if I could not, if my ardor was so great, he must insist, for his sister's sake, that it should not take place for a fortnight. He then turned to his sister, and begged her, as she valued my happiness, she would not delay beyond the period he had named. What could Miss O'Shane reply to this affectionate adjuration? She turned up her eyes most pathetically, and vowed she valued my happiness too highly to permit her to refuse me anything.

Thus I went home an engaged man, and announced my fate, with tears and trembling, to my mother. The good old lady scolded, for she could scold, and I had not outgrown the terrors of her voice. But arguments and anger were both thrown away upon me—the dreadful bullet through the pericardium rendered me deaf to the one and careless of the other.

My wedding morning arrived with a speed fearfully accelerated by my sensations of dread at its approach. Oh, that wretched morning! To complete its catalogue of miseries, it had been fixed on for the union of the Colonel with my Julia. A large company was assembled at breakfast, but of the occurrences or conversation, either then or during the ceremony, I have no recollection; a sensation of utter despair overwhelmed me, and I have an indistinct remembrance of a vague desire to escape, when the great door of the abbey-church was closed with a violence that sent its echoes along the vaulted aisles, and seemed to thunder in my ears the sentence of misery to which I was doomed.

HER THOUGHT AND HIS.

BY OWEN MEREDITH.

To-night she will dance at the palace,
With the diamonds in her hair;
And the Prince will praise her beauty—
The loveliest lady there!

But to-morrow, at times, in the music,
Will bring back forgotten things:
And her heart will fall her sometimes,
When her beauty is praised at the Kings.

There sits in his silent chamber
A stern and sorrowful man;
But a strange sweet dream comes to him,
While the lamp is burning wan,

Of a sunset among the vineyards
In a lone and lovely land,
And a maiden standing near him,
With fresh wild-flowers in her hand.

THE WEDDING GARMENT.

It has been denied by scholars well versed in Eastern customs, that it was ever a general practice for wealthy hosts to furnish garments to invited guests. But a recent traveller in the East, in a volume called Tales About Turkey, asserts, from his own knowledge, that this has been done in modern times, and that it was a prevailing custom in former days. He says:—

I know that at the royal marriage of Sultan Mahmoud, a few years ago, every guest invited to the wedding had made expressly for him, at the expense of the Sultan, a wedding garment. No one, however dignified his station, was permitted to enter into the presence-chamber of that sovereign without a change of raiment. This was formerly the universal custom in the East. But inasmuch as these garments were very costly, and some of the guests invited might plead poverty, and thus appear unclad in the guest-chamber of the King, the cost was defrayed at Sultan Mahmoud's expense.

To each guest was presented a suit of wedding garments. Had any, therefore, appeared before this absolute sovereign without the wedding garment, the Sultan would have deemed his dignity insulted, and his magnificent gifts despised.

The question, then, "Friend, how camest thou in hither not having on a wedding garment?" (Matt. xxiii. 12.) explains the speechless condition of the man. The wedding robe was ready, not at the expense of the invited one, but at the cost of the King. He had simply to obey the requirements of Eastern state—put on the garment, appear before his King, and do homage to him for his rich habit. His refusal to comply with this reasonable custom, and presuming, notwithstanding, to thrust himself into the presence of royalty, was an avowal that he denied his authority to rule over him, and despised his power. Hence he was bound hand and foot, and cast out. Mahmoud took care to clothe all his guests in splendid apparel; and they knew their refusal to obey this ancient custom of covering themselves with the royal bounty would have entailed on the disobedient instant punishment, imprisonment and death.

IMMORTALITY.—2: The age of seventy-five one must, of course, think frequently of death. But this thought never gives me the least uneasiness. I am fully convinced that the soul is indestructible, and that its activity will continue through eternity. It is like the sun, which seems to our eyes to set in night, but is in reality gone to diffuse its lights elsewhere. Even while sinking it remains the same sun.—Goethe.

Some people who go to Washington get lost when they want, others reverse the rule without experiencing any reverse themselves, and get given back.

THE MOST EXTRAVAGANT WOMAN IN THE WORLD.

The Empress of France is probably the most extravagant woman living. Nor is this all; she has been the cause of ruinous extravagance in the families of her husband's subjects, and in all countries where the costly fashions she has set have found favor. M. Fould, the Emperor's Minister of Finance, threatens to resign his office unless her enormous drafts upon the treasury are curtailed. So costly has she made the toilette in Paris, that fashionable ladies are utterly unable to settle their bills for dress, and it is stated by the English press that it is as much as many of them can do to pay the interest on the large debts which following the imperial modes has caused them to incur. The world owes crinolines to the fair Eugenie; and the rougher half of its civilized population does not feel by any manner of means grateful to her for the introduction of the article. She has made her apartments in the Tuilleries as magnificent as the palaces one reads about in oriental fables. The doors of her boudoir are of ivory, inlaid with gold. The furniture is of rosewood, inlaid with mirrors, gold, ivory, and is upholstered with pale red silk. Smyrnan carpeting of the heaviest texture covers the floor, and the ceiling is splendidly frescoed. The desks and portfolios are of tortoise shell, arabesque with gold; and the most valuable paintings of the old masters ornament the walls. The beautiful woman who has surrounded herself with these luxuries spends an almost fabulous amount annually in rare laces and all the most expensive articles of female costume, besides subscribing unheard-of sums in aid of certain vast political schemes, for she is withal an intriguing politician. The Empress is thirty-six years of age, and therefore old enough to have learned prudence; yet she is more prodigal now than in the heyday of her youth and beauty. The Queen of Louis XVI. was as extravagant, and as fond of meddling in state affairs, as Eugenie, and her fool of a husband suffered her to lead him by the nose. One day they lost their heads, poor things. Would it not be well for Louis Napoleon to take the warning to heart?

A REVOLUTIONARY REMINISCENCE.

From some sketches of Valley Forge, we take the following account of the army of the revolution in its winter quarters. That was a war of seven years, and the condition of the people was a hundred fold worse than our condition is—in fact, the North is even more prosperous at present than usual. But read what our revolutionary fathers went through—and then remember we are their sons:—

"Having decided on his winter-quarters being here, Washington arrived with the army at Valley Forge on the 19th of December, 1777. The voice of prayer and praise was heard throughout the camp the next day, in accordance with the appointment of Congress for a day of thanksgiving and praise. It was a glorious triumph of patriotism over suffering and want of principle, over neglect of virtue, over starvation, to exhibit such a spectacle on the border of a winter forest, whose snows were stained with their blood-tracked march.

"Next day they began to build their huts, the marks of which are still visible in one or two places. Those most visible are by the side of the road towards the river, half-way from Valley Forge to Port Kennedy. Each regiment was divided into parties of twelve, and each party was to build a log-hut 14 feet by 16, and 6 feet high, the sides made tight with clay, and the roof to be formed of split slabs or anything that would serve as a substitute. General Washington offered a dollar to each man of the party which completed the first and best hut, and one hundred dollars to the man who would substitute a better and more available roofing than slabs.

"Out of 11,000 men who arrived here, 3,000 were unfit for duty. Groups of 50 and 100 were to be seen here and there in their nakedness, huddling around fires to keep from freezing. Others were sick from exposure, and sadly presaging their fate.

"Rapidly the trees were felled. To bring the logs to their places men harnessed themselves to them like beasts of burden. Hut after hut rose till there were over a thousand, all in sight of Washington's tent. These huts were ranged in parallel rows, with spaces between, like the streets of a town. Those of the same state were together. The huts of the officers were in the rear of the soldiers, one to each of the superior officers. The intrenchments were outside of the whole. In these huts was placed a bed of straw on the ground, and these 'Sons of Liberty,' as Col. Barre called them in the English Parliament, crept in to suffer, and starve, and die. The farmers around were many of them Tories, whom large offers to pay, and threats, were alike powerless to move. Washington, acting under a resolution from Congress, ordered them to thresh out one-half their grain for seventy miles around, by the first of February, and the other half by the first of March, under penalty of its being seized as straw. But they refused; and while some fought with desperation, others burned their grain. About this time the whole army passed a week without a pound of meat in the camp. They had but one commissary to purchase provisions in the camp, and he reported 'not a hoof to slaughter, and not more than twenty-five barrels of flour.' In communicating this fact to Congress, Washington said, 'From my soul I pity those miseries, which it is neither in my power to relieve nor prevent.'

"Mrs. Washington joined her husband in February, and not only shared his privations, but did all in her power to mitigate the sufferings of the soldiers."

Those who hold that a people should accommodate themselves to the policy of their rulers, might as well teach that a man should be cut and clipped by his tailor to fit his garments.

TO LIZZIE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY GENEVA.

Oh, Lizzie, you and I
Have surely reached our prime,
The spring-time of our lives
Has changed to summer time.

That we are growing old
I scarcely can believe;
But since it must be so,
We need not o'er it grieve.

It seems but yesterday,
Lizzie, since we began,
With hearts so light and gay,
The race of life to run;

And my heart beats as strong
As e'er it did to-day,
And life seems just as sweet,
And earth as fair and gay.

Although there have been times,
Lizzie, for you and me,
When sorrow has oppressed
Our hearts most heavily;

When to our eyes a pall
Was spread o'er all the earth,
And all the promises
Of life seemed nothing worth.

But such dark hours, thank God,
Do surely wear away,
Though slowly, and to night
Succeeds triumphant day.

And, Lizzie, for the boon
Of life we'll thankful be,
In spite of all the pain
It brings to you and me;

For life has yielded us
Much more of joy than pain,
And e'en our sufferings
Have not been all in vain.

For from our dreary woes
Our best joys have had birth,
As richest plants spring forth
From dampest, darkest earth.

Lizzie, how very soon
This changing scene will close,
How soon we shall have felt
Our last of earthly woes.

But though this life is short,
Death opens wide the gate
To an eternal life,
For which we look and wait.

Then, Lizzie, we will smile
To see pale Death draw nigh,
And look for endless life
Above earth's changing sky.

VERNER'S PRIDE.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,
AUTHOR OF "THE CHANNINGS," "EAST
LYNNE," "THE EARL'S HEIR,"
"A LIFE'S SECRET," ETC.

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CHAPTER LIX.

ACHING HEARTS.

If there be one day in the whole year more
gladdening to the heart than all others, it is
surely the first day of early spring. It may
come and give us a glimpse almost in mid-
winter; it may not come until winter ought
to have been long past; but, appear when it
will, it brings rejoicing with it. How many
a heart, sinking under its bitter burden of
care, is reawakened to hope by that first
spring day of brightness. It seems to promise
that there shall be yet a change in the
dreary lot; it whispers that trouble may not
last; that sickness may be superseded by
health; that this dark wintry world will be
followed by heaven.

Such a day was smiling over Deerham.—
And they were only in the first days of Febru-
ary. The sun was warm, the fields were
green, the sky was blue: all nature seemed
to have put on her brightness. As Mrs. Duff
stood at her door and exchanged greetings
with sundry gossips passing by—an unusual
number of whom were abroad—she gave it
as her opinion that the charming weather
had been vouchsafed as a special favor to
Miss Decima Verner; for it was the wedding-
day of that young lady and Sir Edmund
Hautley.

Sir Edmund would have been married
immediately after his return. Perhaps Decima
would also. But Lady Verner, always given
to study the proprieties of life, considered
that it would be more seemly to allow a few
months to roll on first after the death of her
son's wife. So the autumn and part of the
winter were allowed to go by; and in this,
the first week of February, they were united;
being favored with weather that might have
cheated them into a belief that it was May-
day.

How anxious Deerham was to get a sight
of her, as the carriages conveying the party
to church drove to and fro. Lionel gave her
away, and her bridesmaids were Lady Mary
Emsley and Lucy Tempest. The story of the
long engagement between her and Ed-
mund Hautley had electrified Deerham; and
some began to wish that they had not called
her an old maid quite so prematurely. Should
it unfortunately have reached her ears, it
might lead to place them in the black books
of the future Lady Hautley. Lady Verner
was rather against Jan's going to church.
Lady Verner's private opinion was—indeed,
as she had her proclaimed opinion as well
as her private one—that Jan would be an
ornament to a wedding party. But Decima
had already given Jan's promise to be present;
which Jan had given conditionally—that no

patients required him at the time. But Jan's
patients proved themselves considerate that
day; and Jan appeared not only at the
church, but at the breakfast.

At the dinner also in the evening. Sir Ed-
mund and Lady Hautley had left them; but
those who remained of course wanted some
dinner; and had it. It was a small party,
more social than formal. Mr. and Mrs. Bit-
terworth, Lord Garle and his sister, Miss
Hautley, and John Massingbird. Miss Haut-
ley was again staying temporarily at Deer-
ham Hall, but she would leave it on the fol-
lowing day. John Massingbird was invited at
the special request of Lionel. Perhaps John
was less of an ornament to a social party
than even Jan, but Lionel had been anxious
that no slight should be placed upon him. It
would have been a slight for the owner of
Verner's Pride to be left out at Decima Ver-
ner's wedding. Lady Verner held out a little
while; she did not like John Massingbird;
never had like any of the Massingbirds; but
Lionel carried his point. John Massing-
bird showed himself presentable that day,
and had left his pipe at home.

In one point Mr. Massingbird proved him-
self as little given to ceremony as Jan could
be. The dinner hour, he had been told, was
seven o'clock; and he arrived shortly after
six. Lucy Tempest and Mary Emsley were
in the drawing-room. Fair, graceful girls
both of them, in their flowing white brides-
maids' robes, which they would wear for the
day: Lucy always serene and quiet; Mary,
merry-hearted, gay-natured. Mary was to
stay with them for some days. They looked
somewhat scared at the early entrance of
John Massingbird. Curious tales had gone
about Deerham of John's wild habits at Ver-
ner's Pride, and it may be, they felt half
afraid of him. Lucy whispered to the ser-
vant to find Mr. Verner and tell him. Lady
Verner had gone to her room to make ready
for dinner.

"I say, young ladies, is it six or seven
o'clock that we are to dine?" he began. "I
could not remember."

"Seven," replied Lucy.

"I am too soon by an hour, then," return-
ed he, sitting down in front of the fire.

"How are you by this time, Lionel?"

Lionel shook hands with him as he came in.

"Never mind; we are glad to see you," he
said, in answer to a half apology from John
Massingbird about the arriving early. "I
can show you those calculations now, if you
like."

"Calculations be hanged!" returned John.

"When a fellow comes out to dinner, he does
not want to be met with 'calculations.' What
else, Lionel?"

Lionel Verner laughed. They were certain
calculations drawn out by himself, connected
with unavoidable work to be commenced on
the Verner Pride estate. For the last month
he had been vainly seeking an opportunity of
going over them with John Massingbird;
that gentleman, who hated details as much
as Master Cheese hated work, continually
contrived to put it off.

"Have you given yourself the pleasure of
making them out in duplicate, that you pro-
pose to show them here?" asked he, some
irony in his tone. "I thought they were in
the study at Verner's Pride."

"I brought them home a day or two ago,"
replied Lionel. "Some alteration was re-
quired, and I thought I would do it quietly
here."

"You are a rare—I suppose if I say
'steward' I shall offend your pride, Lionel.
'Baillif' would be worse. If real stewards
were as faithful and indefatigable as you,
landlords might get on better than they do.
You can't think how he plagues me with his
business details, Miss Tempest."

"I can," said Lady Mary, freely. "I think
he is terribly conscientious."

"All the more so, that he is not going to
be a steward long," answered Lionel, in a
tone through which ran a serious meaning,
light as it was. "The time is approaching
when I shall render up an account of my
stewardship, so far as Verner's Pride is con-
cerned."

"What do you mean by that?" cried John
Massingbird.

"I'll tell you to-morrow," answered Lionel.

"I'd like to know now, if it's all the same
to you, sir," was John's answer. "You are
not going to give up the management of Ver-
ner's Pride?"

"Yes, I am," replied Lionel. "I should
have given it up when my wife died, but that
Decima—Decima wished me to remain in
Deerham until her marriage," he concluded,
after some perceptible hesitation.

"What has Deerham done to you, that
you want to quit it?" asked John Massing-
bird.

"I would have left Deerham years ago,
had it been practicable," was the remark of
Lionel.

"I ask you why?"

"Why? Do you think Deerham and its
remembrances can be so pleasant to me, that
I should care to stop in it, unless compelled?"

"Both reminiscences!" rejoined Mr. Mas-
singbird. "I conclude you make believe to
allude to the ups and downs you have had in
regard to Verner's Pride. That's not the
cause, Lionel Verner—if you do want to go
away. You have had time to get over that.
Perhaps some lady is in the way? Some
cross-grained disappointment in that line?
Have you been refusing to marry him, Lady
Mary?"

Lady Mary threw her laughing blue eyes
full in the face of the questioner.

"He never asked me, Mr. Massingbird."

"No!" said John.

"No," said she, the lips laughing now, as
well as the eyes. "In the old days—I de-
clare I don't mind letting out the secret—in
the old days, before he was married at all,
mamma and Lady Verner contrived to let
me know by direct hints, that Lionel Verner
might be expected to—to solicit the honor
of my becoming his wife. How I laughed
behind their backs! It would have been time
enough to turn rebellious when the offer
came—which I was quite sure never would

come—to make them and him a low courtesy,
and say, 'You are very kind, but I must de-
cline the honor.' Did you get any teasing
on your side, Lionel?" asked she, frankly.

A half-smile flitted over Lionel's lips. He
did not speak.

"No," added Lady Mary, her joking tone
turning to seriousness, her blue eyes to
earnestness. "I and Lionel have ever been
good friends, fond of each other, I believe, in
a sober kind of way; but—any closer rela-
tionship we should both have run away from
as wide as the two poles. I can answer for
myself; and I think I can for him."

"I see," said John Massingbird. "To be
husband and wife would go against the grain;
you'd rather be brother and sister."

What there could be in the remark to dis-
turb the perfect tranquillity of Mary Emsley,
she best knew. Certain it was, that her
face turned of a fiery red, and it seemed that
she did not know where to look. She spoke
rapid words, as if to cover her confusion.

"So you perceive, Mr. Massingbird, that I
have nothing to do with Mr. Verner's plans
and projects; with his stopping at Deerham
or going away from it. I should not think
any lady has. You are not going, are you?"
she asked, turning to Lionel.

"Yes, I shall go, Mary," he answered. "As
soon as Mr. Massingbird can find somebody
to replace me—"

"Mr. Massingbird's not going to find any-
body to replace you," burst forth John. "I
declare, Lionel, if you do go, I'll take on Roy,
just to spite you and your old tenants. By
the way, though, talking of Roy, who do you
think has come back to Deerham?" he broke
off, rather vehemently.

"How can I guess?" asked Lionel. "Some
of the Mormons, perhaps?"

"No. Luke Roy. He arrived this after-
noon."

"Has he, indeed?" replied Lionel, a shade
of sadness in his tone more than surprise, for
somehow the name of Luke, coupled with his
return, brought back all too vividly the re-
collection of his departure, and the tragic end
of Rachel Frost, which had followed so
close upon it.

"I have not seen him," rejoined Mr. Mas-
singbird. "I met Mrs. Roy as I came in here,
and she told me. She was scuttling along
with some muffins in her hand—to regale
him on, I suppose."

"How glad she must be!" exclaimed
Lucy.

"Rather sorry, I thought," returned John.
"She looked very quaky and shivery. I tell
you what, Lionel," he continued, turning to
him, "your dinner will not be ready this
three-quarters of an hour yet. I'll just go as
far as old Roy's, and have a word with Luke.
I have got a top-coat in the hall."

He went out without ceremony. Lionel
walked with him to the door. It was a fine
starlight evening. When he, Lionel, re-
turned, Lucy was alone. Mary Emsley had
left the room.

Lucy had quitted the chair of state she
had been sitting in, and was in her favorite place
on a low stool on the hearthrug. She was
more kneeling than sitting. The fire-light
played on her sweet face, so young and girlish
still in its outlines, on her pretty hands
clasped on her knees, on her bracelets which
glittered with pearls, on the pearls that rested
on her neck. Lionel stood on the other
side the hearthrug, leaning, as usual, on the
mantelpiece.

At least five minutes passed in silence. And
then Lucy raised her eyes to his.

"Was it a joke, what you said to John
Massingbird—about leaving Deerham?"

"It was sober earnest, Lucy. I shall go as
soon as I possibly can, now."

"But why?" she presently asked.

"I should have left, as you heard me say,
after Mrs. Verner's death, but for one or
two considerations. Decima very much
wished me to remain until her marriage; and—
I did not see my way particularly clear
to embark in a new course of life. I do not
yet."

"Why should you go?" asked Lucy.

"Because I—because it is expedient that I
should, for many reasons," he answered.

"You do not like to remain subservient to
John Massingbird?"

"It is not that. I have got over that. My
prospects have been so utterly blighted,
Lucy, that I think some of the old pride of
the Verner race has gone out of me. I do not
see a chance of getting anything to do, half
as good as this stewardship—as he but now
called it—under John Massingbird. But I
shall try at it."

"What shall you try, do you think?"

"I cannot tell. I should like to get some-
thing abroad; I should like to go to India. I
do not suppose I have any real chance of get-
ting an appointment there; but stopping in
Deerham will certainly not bring it to me.
That, or anything else."

Lucy's lips had parted.

"You will not think of going to India now?"
she breathlessly exclaimed.

"Indeed I do think of it, Lucy."

"So far off as that?"

The words were uttered with a strange
sound of pain. Lionel passed his hand over
his brow, the action betokening pain quite as
great as Lucy's tone. Lucy rose from her
seat and stood near him, her thoughtful face
upturned.

"What is left for me in England?" he re-
sumed. "What am I here? A man with-
out home, fortune, hope. I have worse than
no prospects. The ceremony at which we
have been assisting this day, seems to have
brought the bare facts more palpably before
me in all their naked truth. Other men can
have a home, can form social ties to bless it,
I cannot."

"But why?" asked Lucy, her lips trem-
bling.

"Why? Can you ask it, Lucy? There are
moments—and they are all too frequent—
when a fond vision comes over me of what
my future might be; of the new ties I might
form, and the happiness in that—that I
did not find in the last. The vision, I say,
comes all too frequently for my peace of

mind, when I realize the fact that it can never
be fulfilled."

Lucy stood, her hands lightly clasped be-
fore her, a world of sadness in her fair young
face. One less entirely single-hearted, less
true than Lucy Tempest, might have pro-
fessed to ignore the drift of his words. Had
Lucy, since Mrs. Verner's death, cast a
thought to the possibility of certain happy
relations arising between her and Lionel—
those social ties he now spoke of? No, not
intentionally. If any such dreams did lurk
in her heart unbidden, there she had let
them lie, in entire abeyance. Lionel Verner
had never spoken a word to her, or dropped
a hint that he contemplated such; his inter-
course with her had been free and open, just
as it was with Decima. She was quite con-
tent; to be with him, to see him daily, was
enough of happiness for her, without looking
to the future.

"The further I get away from England,
the better," he resumed. "India, from old
associations, naturally suggests itself, but I
care not whither I go. You threw out a sug-
gestion once, Lucy, that Colonel Tempest
might be able to help me to something there,
by which I may get a living. Should I
have found no success in London by the
time he arrives, it is my intention to ask him
the favor. He will be home in a few weeks,
now."

"And you talk of leaving Deerham im-
mediately?" cried Lucy. "Where's the neces-
sity? You should wait until he comes."

"I have waited too long, as it is. Deer-
ham will be glad to get rid of me. It may
hold a jubilee the day it hears I have ship-
ped myself off for India. I wonder if I shall
ever come back? Probably not. I and old
friends may never meet again on this side of
Heaven."

He had been affecting to speak lightly,
jokingly, toying at the same time with some
trifles on the mantel-piece. But his eyes had
turned to Lucy at the conclusion of his sen-
tence, he saw that the tears were falling on
her cheeks. The words, the ideas they con-
jured up, had jarred painfully on every fibre
of her heart. Lionel's light mood was gone.

"Lucy," he whispered, bending to her, his
tone changing to one of passionate earnest-
ness. "I dare not stay here longer. There
are moments when I am tempted to forget
my position, to forget honor, and speak words
that—that I ought not to speak. Even
now, as I look down upon you, my heart is
throbbing, my veins are tingling; but I
must not touch you with my finger, or tell
you of my impassioned love. All I can do
is to carry it away with me, and battle with
it alone."

Her face had grown white with emotion.
She raised her wet eyes yearningly to his;
but she still spoke the simple truth, unvar-
nished, the great agony that was lying at her
heart.

"How shall I live on, with you away? It
will be more lonely than I can bear."

"Don't, child," he said, in a wailing tone
of entreaty. "The temptation from my own
heart is all too potent. Don't you tempt me.
Strong man though I am, there are things
that I cannot bear."

He leaned on the mantel-piece, shading his
face with his hand. Lucy stood in silence,
striving to suppress her emotion from break-
ing forth.

"In the old days—very long ago, they seem
now, to look back upon—I had the opportu-
nity of assuring my life's happiness," he con-
tinued, in a low, steady tone. "I did not do
it; I let it slip from me, foolishly, wilfully;
of my own free act. But, Lucy—believe me
or not as you like—I loved the one I rejected,
more than the one I took. Before the sound
of my marriage bells had yet rung out on my
ears, the terrible conviction was within me
that I loved that other better than all created
things. You may judge, then, what my pun-
ishment has been."

She raised her eyes to his face, but he did
not see them, did not look at her. He con-
tinued:

"It was the one great mistake of my life:
made by myself alone. I cannot plead the
excuse which so many are able to plead for
life's mistakes, that I was drawn into it. I
made it deliberately, as may be said; of my
own free will. It is but just, therefore, that
I should expiate it. How I have suffered in
the expiation, heaven alone knows. It is
true that I bound myself in a moment of
delirium, of passion, giving myself no time
for thought; but I have never looked upon
that fact as an excuse; for, a man who has
come to the years I had, should hold his feel-
ings under his own control. Yes; I missed
that opportunity, and the chance went by for
life."

"For life?" repeated Lucy, with streaming
eyes. It was too terribly real a moment for
any attempt at concealment. A little retic-
ence, in her maiden modesty; but of con-
cealment, none.

"I am a poor man now, Lucy," he ex-
claimed: "worse than without prospects if
you knew all. And I do not know why you
should not know all," he added, after a pause:
"I am in debt. Such a man cannot marry."

The words were spoken quietly, temperate-
ly; but tone proving how hopelessly, how
any appeal against them, whether from him,
from her, or from without. It was perfectly
true: Lionel Verner's position placed him
beyond the reach of social ties.

Little more was said. It was a topic which
Lucy could not urge or gainsay; and Lionel
did not see fit to continue it; he may have
felt that it was dangerous ground, even for
the man of honor that he strove to be. He
held out his hand to Lucy.

"Will you forgive me?" he softly whispered.

Her sob choked her. She strove to speak
as she crept closer to him, and put out her
hands in answer; but the words would not
come: she lifted her face to glance at his.

"Not a night passes but I pray God to for-
give me," he whispered, his voice trembling
with emotion, as he pressed her hands be-
tween his, "to forgive the sorrow I have
brought upon you. Oh, Lucy! forgive—for-
give me!"

"Yes, yes," was all her answer, her sobs
impeding her utterance, her tears blinding
her. Lionel kept the hands strained to
him; he looked down on the upturned
face, and read its love there; he kept
his own bent, with its mingled expression of
tenderness and pain; but he did not take
from it a single care. What right had he?
Verily, if he had not shown control over him-
self once in his life, he was showing it now.

He released one of his hands, and laid it
gently upon her head for a minute, his lips
moving silently. Then he let her go: it was
over.

She sat down on the low stool again on the
opposite side of the hearth, and buried her face
and her anguish. Lionel buried his face, his
elbow on the mantel-piece, his hand upturned;
he never looked at her again, nor spoke; she
never raised her head; and when the com-
pany began to arrive, and came in, the silence
was still unbroken.

And as they talked and laughed that night,
fulfilling the usages of society amidst the
guests, how little did any present suspect
the scene which had taken place but a short
while before. How many of the smiling
faces we meet in society cover aching hearts.

CHAPTER LX.

MASTER CHEESE BLOWN UP.

There were other houses in Deerham, that
night, not quite so full of sociability as was
Lady Verner's. For one, may be instanced
that of the Miss Wests. They sat at the
table in the general sitting-room, hard at
work, the lamp between them, Miss Deborah
was "turning" a table-cloth; Miss Amilly
was darning sundry holes in a pillow-case.
Their stock of household linen was in great
need of being replaced by new; but, not
having the requisite money to spare, they
were doing their best to renovate the old.

A slight—they could not help feeling it as
such—had been put upon them that day, in
not having been invited to Decima Verner's
wedding. The sisters-in-law of Lionel Ver-
ner, connected closely with Jan, they had ex-
pected the invitation. But it had not come.
Lionel had pressed his mother to give it; Jan,
in his straightforward way, when he had
found it was not forthcoming, said, "Why
don't you invite them? They'd do nobody
any harm." Lady Verner, however, had
positively declined: the Wests had never
been acquaintances of hers, she said. They
felt the slight, poor ladies. But they felt it
quite humbly and meekly; not complaining;
not venturing even to say to each other that
they might have been asked. They only sat
a little more silent than usual over their work
that evening, doing more, and talking less.

The servant came in with the supper-tray,
and laid it on the table.

"Is the cold pork to come in?" asked she.

"I have not brought it. I thought, perhaps,
you'd not care to have it in to-night, ma'am,
as Mr. Jan's out."

Miss Deborah cast her eyes on the tray.
There was a handsome piece of cheese, and
a large glass of fresh celery. A rapid calcu-
lation passed through her mind that the cold
pork, if not cut for supper, would make a
dinner the following day, with an apple or a
jam pudding.

"No, Martha, this will do for to-night,"
she answered. "Call Master Cheese, and
then draw the ale."

"It's a wonder he waits to be called," was
Martha's comment, as she went out. "He
is generally in afore the tray, whatever the
meals may be, he is."

She went out at the side door, and entered
the surgery. Nobody was in it except the
surgery boy. The boy was asleep, with his
head and arms on the counter, and the gas
flared away over him. A hissing and fizzing
from Jan's room, like the sounds Lucy Tem-
pest heard when she invaded the surgery the
night of the ball at Deerham Hall, saluted
Martha's ears. She went round the counter,
tried the door, found it fastened, and shook
the handle.

"Who's there?" called out Master Cheese
from the other side.

"It's me," said Martha. "Supper's ready."

"Very well. I'll be in directly," responded
Master Cheese.

"I say!" called out Martha, wrathfully,
rattling the handle again, "if you are making
a mess of that room, like you do sometimes,
I won't have it. I'll complain to Mr. Jan.
There! Messing the floor and places with
your powder and stuff! It would take two
servants to clear up after you."

"You go to Bath," was the satisfactory re-
commendation of Master Cheese.

Martha called out another wrathful warn-
ing and withdrew. Master Cheese came
forth, locked the door, took out the key, went
in-doors and sat down to supper.

Sat down in angry consternation. He
threw his eager glances to every point of the
table, and could not see upon it what he was
longing to see—what he had been expecting
all the evening to see—for the terrible event
of its not being there had never so much as
crossed his imagination. The dinner had
consisted of a joint of pork with the crack-
ling on, and apple sauce. A dish so beloved
by Master Cheese, that he never thought of
it without a watering of the mouth. It had
been nothing like half eaten at dinner, neither
the pork nor the sauce. Jan was at the wed-
ding breakfast, and the Miss Wests, in Mas-
ter Cheese's estimation, ate like two spar-
rows: of course he had looked to be regaled
with it at supper. Miss West cut him a large
piece of cheese, and Miss Amilly handed
him the glass of celery.

Now Master Cheese had no great liking
for that vulgar edible which bore his name,
and which used to form the staple of so many
good old-fashioned suppers. To cheese in the
abstract,

by them. "Did you fancy I was going to sleep there?"

"Master Cheese thought you would keep it up until morning."

"Oh! did he? Is he gone to bed?"

"He is in the surgery," replied Miss Amilly.

"Mr. Jan, you have told us nothing yet about the wedding in the morning."

"It went off," answered Jan.

"But the details? How did the ladies look?"

"They looked as usual, for all I saw," replied Jan.

"What did they wear?"

"What? Gowns, I suppose."

"Oh, Mr. Jan! Surely you saw better than that! Can't you tell what sort of gowns?"

Jan really could not. It may be questioned whether he could have told a petticoat from a gown. Miss Amilly was waiting with breathless interest, her lips apart.

"Some were in white, and some were in colors, I think," answered Jan, trying to be correct in his good nature. "Decima was in a veil."

"Of course she was," acquiesced Miss Amilly, with emphasis. "Did the bridesmaids—"

What pertinent question, relating to the bridesmaids, Miss Amilly was about to put, never was known. A fearful sound interrupted it. A sound nearly impossible to describe. Was it a crash of thunder? Had an engine from the distant railway taken up his station outside their house, and gone off with a bang? Or had the surgery blown up? The room they were in shook, the windows rattled, the Miss Wests screamed with real terror, and Jan started from his seat.

"It can't be an explosion of gas!" he muttered.

Bursting out of the room, he nearly knocked down Martin, who was bursting into it. Instinct, or perhaps sound, took Jan to the surgery, and they all followed in his wake. Bob, the image of terrified consternation, stood in the midst of a debris of glass, his mouth open, and his hair standing on end. The glass bottles and jars of the establishment had flown from their shelves, causing the unhappy Bob to believe that the world had come to an end.

But what was the debris there, compared to the debris in the next room, Jan's? The window was out, the furniture was split, the various chemical apparatus had been shivered into a hundred pieces, the tamarind jar was in two, and Master Cheese was extended on the floor on his back, his hands scorched, his eyebrows singed off, his face black, and the end of his nose burning.

"Oh! that's it, is it?" said Jan, when his eyes took in the state of things. "I knew it would come to this."

"He has been and blowed himself up," replied Bob, who had stolen in after them.

"Is it the gas?" sobbed Miss Amilly, hardly able to speak for terror.

"No, it's not the gas," returned Jan, examining the debris more closely. "It's one of that gentleman's chemical experiments."

Deborah West was bending over the prostrate form in alarm. "He surely can't be dead!" she shivered, taking Master Cheese by the arm to assist him.

He was placed in a chair, and there he sat, coming to, and emitting sundry dismal groans.

"I told you what you'd bring it to, if you persisted in attempting experiments that you know nothing about," was Jan's reprimand, delivered in a sharp tone. "A pretty state of things, this is."

Master Cheese groaned again.

"Are you much hurt?" asked Miss Deb, in a sympathetic accent.

"On-o-o-o-o-o!" replied Master Cheese.

"Is there anything we can get for you?" resumed Miss Deb.

"On-o-o-o-o-o!" repeated Master Cheese.

"A glass of wine might revive me."

"Get up," said Jan, "and let's see if you can walk. He's not hurt, Miss Deb."

Master Cheese, yielding to the peremptory movement of Jan's arm, had no resource but to show them that he could walk. He had taken a step or two as he dolefully said it was possible for him to do, keeping his eyes shut, and stretching out his hands before him after the manner of the blind, when an interruption came from Miss Amilly.

"What can this be, lying here?"

She was bending her head near the old bureau, which had been rent in the explosion, her eyes fixed upon some large letter or paper on the floor. They crowded round at the words, Jan picked it up, and found it to be a faded parchment, bearing a great seal.

"Hullo!" exclaimed Jan.

On the table was written "Codicil to the will of Stephen Verner."

"What is it?" exclaimed Miss Deborah, and even Master Cheese contrived to get his eyes open to look.

"It is the lost codicil," replied Jan. "It must have been in that bureau. How did it get there?"

How indeed? There ensued a pause.

"It must have been placed there," Jan was beginning, and then he stopped himself. He would not, before those ladies, say—"by Dr. West."

But to Jan it was now perfectly clear. That old hunting for the "prescription" which had puzzled him at the time, was explained now. There was the "prescription"—the codicil. Dr. West had had it in his hand when disturbed in that room by a stranger; he had flung it back in the bureau in his hurry, pushed it back; by some unexplainable means he must have pushed it too far out of sight. And there it had lain until now, intact and unaltered.

The hours of the Miss Wests were turning to minutes, their countenances to pain. That it could be no other than their father who had stolen the codicil from Stephen Verner's dying chamber, was present to their conviction. He was a wife said on y have been to prevent Verner's Pride passing to Lionel, over his daughter and her husband. What did he think of his work when the news

came of Frederick's death? What did he think of it when John Massingbird returned in person. What did he think of it when he read Sibylla's dying message, written to him by Amilly?—Tell papa it is the leaving Verner's Pride that has killed me?

"I shall take possession of this," said Jan Verner.

The first thing on the following morning the codicil was handed over to Mr. Martin. He immediately recognized it by its appearance. But it would be opened officially later, in the presence of John Massingbird. Jan betook himself to Verner's Pride to carry the news, and found Mr. Massingbird astride on a pillar of the terrace steps, smoking away with gusto. The day was warm and sunny as the previous one had been.

"What is it you?" cried he, when Jan came in sight. "You are up here betimes. Anybody dying, this way?"

"Not this morning," replied Jan. "I say, Massingbird, there's ill news in the wind for you."

"What's that?" composedly asked John, tilting some ashes out of his pipe.

"That codicil has come to light."

John puffed on vigorously, staring at Jan, but never speaking.

"The thief must have been old West," went on Jan. "Only think! It has been hidden all this while in that bureau of his, in my bed-room."

"What has unhidden it?" demanded Mr. Massingbird, in a half-satirical tone, as if he doubted the truth of the information.

"An explosion did that. Cheese got meddling with dangerous substances, and there was a blow-up. The bureau was thrown down and broken, and the codicil was dislodged. To talk of it, it sounds like an old stage trick."

"Did Cheese blow himself up?" asked John Massingbird.

"Yes. But he came down again. He is in bed with burnt hands and a scorched face. If I had told him once to let that dangerous play alone—dangerous in his hands—I had told him ten times."

"Where's the codicil?" inquired Mr. Massingbird, smoking away.

"In Martin's charge. You'd like to be present, I suppose, at the time of its being opened?"

"I can take your word," returned John Massingbird. "This does not surprise me. I have always had an impression that the codicil would turn up."

"It is more than I have had," dissented Jan.

As if by common consent, they spoke no further on the subject of the abstraction and its guilty instrument. It was a pleasant theme to neither. John Massingbird, little refinement of feeling as he possessed, could not forget that Dr. West was his mother's brother; or Jan, that he was his late master, his present partner—that he was connected with him in the eyes of Deersham. Before they had spoken much longer, they were joined by Lionel.

"I shall give you no trouble, old fellow," was John Massingbird's salutation. "You gave me none."

"Thank you," answered Lionel. Though what precise trouble it lay in John Massingbird's power to give him, he did not see, considering that things were now so plain.

"You'll accord me house-room for a bit longer, though, won't you?"

"I will accord it to you as long as you like," replied Lionel, in the warmth of his heart.

"You know I would have had you stop on here all along," remarked Mr. Massingbird; "but the bar to it was Sibylla. I am not sorry the thing's found. I am growing tired of my life here. It has come into my mind at times lately to think whether I should not give up to you, Lionel, and be off over the seas again. It's time work, this, to one who has roughed it at the diggings."

"You'd not have done it," observed Jan, alluding to the giving up.

"Perhaps not," said John Massingbird; "but I have owed a debt to Lionel for a long while. I say, old chap, didn't you think I clapped on a good snuff for your trouble when I offered you the management of Verner's Pride?"

"I did," answered Lionel.

"Ay! I was in your debt; am I still. Careless as I am, I thought of it now and then."

"I do not understand you," said Lionel.

"In what way are you in my debt?"

"Let it go for now," returned John. "I may tell you some time perhaps. When shall you take up your abode here?"

Lionel smiled.

"I will not invade you without warning. You and I will take counsel together, John, and discuss plans and expedients."

"I suppose you'll be for setting about your improvements now?"

"Yes," answered Lionel, his tone changing to one of deep seriousness, not to say reverence. "Without loss of time."

"I told you they could wait until you came into the estate. It has not been long first, you see."

"No; but I never looked for it," said Lionel.

"Ah! Things turn up that we don't look for," concluded John Massingbird, smoking on as serenely as though he had come into an estate, instead of having lost one. "There'll be bonfires all over the place to-night, Lionel. A left-handed compliment to me. Here comes Luke Ray. I told him to be here this morning. What news this will be for old Ray to crack! He has been fit to stick me ever since I refused him the management of Verner's Pride."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

PUBLIC SPIRIT.—It is recorded of Sir Timothy O'Brien, a deceased member of Parliament, that he commenced as a hotel-keeper, but by energy and public spirit worked his way up to the Lord Mayorship of Dublin and Parliament. In this country we speak plainer, and say by watering his liquor, instead of public spirit.

A QUAKER VISION.

Joseph Hoag was born in the year 1789, and resided in early life in the state of New York, but removed to Vermont, where he died in 1848. His parents being members of the religious Society of Friends, he had a birth-right membership. He and his wife (Huldah) were both ministers and highly esteemed. They had a large family, and all of their children became ministers. The following vision, though not printed and made public until within a few years, was well known to his family and a number of his friends many years before any part of it was fulfilled.

THE VISION.

In the year 1803, in the eighth or ninth month, I was one day alone in the field, and observed that the sun shone clear, but a mist eclipsed its brightness.

As I reflected upon the singularity of the event, my mind was struck into a silence the most solemn I ever remember to have witnessed; for all my faculties were low, and unusually brought into deep silence. I said to myself:—"What can all this mean? I do not recollect ever before to have been sensible of such feelings."

And I heard a voice from Heaven saying:—"This which thou seest is a sign of the present coming times. I took the forefathers of this country from a land of oppression; I placed them here among the People of the Forest; I sustained them, and while they were humble I blessed them and fed them, and they became a numerous people. But they have now become proud, and have forgotten Me, who nourished them and protected them in the wilderness, and are running into every abomination and evil practice of which the old countries are guilty, and have taken quietude from the land and suffered a dividing spirit to come among them—lift up thine eyes and behold." And I saw them dividing in great heat. The division began in the Churches on points of doctrine; it commenced in the Presbyterian society, and went through the various religious denominations, and in its progress and close its effects were the same. Those who dissented went off with high heads and taunting language, and those who kept to their original sentiments appeared exercised and sorrowful. And when the dividing spirit entered the Society of Friends, it raged in as high a degree as in any I had noticed or before discovered; and, as before, those who separated went off with lofty looks and taunting, censuring language. Those who kept their ancient principles retired by themselves. It next appeared in the Lodges of the Free Masons; it broke out in appearance like a volcano, inasmuch as it set the country in an uproar for a time.

Then it entered politics throughout the United States, and did not stop until it produced a civil war. An abundance of blood was shed in the course of the contest; the Southern states lost their power, and slavery was annihilated from their borders. Then a monarchical power sprang up, took the government of the states, established a National religion, and made all societies tributary to support its expenses; I saw them take property from Friends. I was amazed at beholding all this; and I heard a voice proclaiming:—"This power shall not always stand; but with it I will chastise My Church, until they return to the faithfulness of their forefathers. Thou seest what is coming upon thy native country, for their iniquities and the blood of Africa; the remembrance of which has come up before me."

This vision is yet for many days. I had no idea of writing it for many years—until it became such a burden that, for my own relief, I have written it.

SWEDENBORGIAN VIEWS OF MARRIAGE.

From a recent work on Marriage, by the Rev. W. B. Hayden, of the "New Jerusalem" Church, we learn that in the author's opinion, there is no celibacy in Heaven, those who people it consisting mainly of married pairs, and none remaining there single after the age of full maturity. Indeed the union of male and female is necessary to the angelic nature, all the angels being married pairs. "No single individual in the whole heavenly world is an angel by himself or herself. It is only as two become one that angels are produced." Hence, husband and wife in heaven, become one angel. This is rather hard upon old maids and bachelors, yet they are not unprovided for; those who have confirmed themselves in a celibate state from a principle of religion being admitted into Heaven, but dwell there only about the circumference.

ENGLAND THE FASHION.—IN FRANCE.—The Paris correspondent of the "Queen" states the following remarkable caprice of French fashion:—"The most remarkable feature presented by Parisian shops at this moment is the immense increase and varied description of English goods exhibited in their windows. Alpaca of every shade and hue—gray, buff, and even white, which is just now much in vogue. English pique, a new material, somewhat lighter than alpaca, and more shiny, ostentatiously placarded 'Lincoln,' together with low-priced embroidered English muslin, cucumber every shop window. While English hats and English boots, stitched in red and white, and more remarkable for clumsiness than for actual solidity, attest that, from head to foot, to be properly got up, you must adopt English articles of apparel."

A "DEMORALIZED" SOLDIER.—The New York Tribune tells a story of a stout, athletic Zouave, who, running away from the battle at Fredericksburg, was checked by a lieutenant with a drawn sword. Said the latter, "Stop, sir! Go back to your regiment, you infernal coward, you are not wounded."

"For Heaven's sake let me pass," implored the fugitive, "I know I'm not wounded, but I'm fearfully demoralized."

"Without the deer ladies we should be but a stag-nation."

Extraordinary Medical Remedies.

Dr. Telephie Desmarais, of Bordeaux, has for some months past been making use of a most extraordinary medical remedy for the cure of certain diseases, which cannot fail to excite astonishment among those who hear of it for the first time. Some account of it has been published at Bordeaux in a pamphlet entitled *Système d'Inoculations curatives*, from which we take a few particulars. That one disease may be cured or prevented by inoculation with the virus of another, is, as thousands of persons know, not a new idea; but there is novelty in the suggestion that painful maladies may be cured by causing insects to sting the part affected. This is the practice which Dr. Desmarais has been applying, and which he desires to extend, and as his experiments on venous inoculation have been carried on for fifteen years, he does not speak without experience. They have been tried on plants as well as animals, and with similar results. He observed that plants inoculated with the virus of syphilis produced small cryptogams on different parts of their surface, and that a second inoculation, not with another animal poison, cleared the plants of these parasitic growths, and of the insects or animalcules which they had attracted. It has long been a medical tradition that leprosy is curable by the poison of certain serpents, and it is well known that poisonous drugs are administered in medicine, as powerful alternatives in certain diseases. Dr. Humboldt, nephew of the late illustrious German, in his practice at Havana, has ascertained that the poison of the scorpion tribe is a remedy for yellow fever. He inoculated 2,478 men of the military and naval garrison: 676 afterwards caught the fever, of whom not more than 16 died. A distinguished Frenchman, M. de Gasparin, having heard of the facts cited by Dr. Desmarais, communicated to him a fact in his own experience. He had long been afflicted with a rheumatism, which kept him almost constantly in bed. One day, in picking up a handful of weeds in his garden, he was stung by a wasp in the wrist. The arm swelled; but the rheumatic pain disappeared. Seeing this result, he caused himself to be stung the next day along the seat of pain in his leg, and was again delivered from suffering, and was able to walk with ease. This happened three years ago, and every subsequent reappearance of the malady has been cured by similar means; and by a wasp sting on his neck an attack of bronchitis was overcome. Among other instances mentioned by Dr. Desmarais, we notice a hopeless case of cholera in a man, and epileptiform disease in a child, both cured by the sting of a scorpion; and it appears that lachrymal fistula, and some other diseases of the eye, are curable by the sting of a wasp or bee.

These are curious facts. Their value will perhaps appear on further discussion. Dead insects and live leeches have long figured in pharmacy; but it will be something new to have to buy living hymenoptera, hemiptera, or aptera, in which orders stinging insects are found, to use as medical remedies. Yet after all, there may be nothing new in it; for, as M. de Gasparin remarks, are we not told that Mucianus, an important commander under Vespasian, used to carry about with him, enveloped in a white cloth, a certain insect to cure him of the eye disease, to which he was subject?

A report has been made public by the medical practitioners of Halifax, Nova Scotia, of a remedy for the small pox, which we mention here with a view to elicit information as to its accuracy. The remedy is described as a plant of the poppy tribe, known in the colony as Indian cup, and to botanists as *Sarcocolla purpurea*, which grows wild in Nova Scotia. A decoction of this plant will cure small pox within twelve hours; in the words of the report, "however alarming and numerous the eruptions, or confluent and frightful they may be, the peculiar action of the medicine is such that very seldom is a scar left to tell the story of the disease. If either vaccine or variolous matter is washed with the liquid, they are deprived of their contagious properties. So mild is the medicine to the taste that it may be largely mixed with tea and coffee, and given to convalescents in these beverages to drink, without their being aware of the mixture. It has been successfully tried in the hospitals of Nova Scotia, and its use will be continued."

A SELL.—A demure and rather pretty young Miss, residing on New Year's day among her visitors, a grave and rather elderly acquaintance to whom she conveyed the intelligence that owing to a death in the family, they had not made the usual preparations for their friends.

"Who is dead?" inquired the gentleman in a sympathetic tone of voice.

"Poor Laura!" was the reply.

"Laura? Laura? I don't remember exactly. Who is Laura?"

"Why, don't you remember my pretty little poodle? How could you forget her?"

The perplexed look of the gentleman satisfied the little mischief that the joke was successful, and throwing open the folding doors, she invited him to walk in and help himself, which he did, and while sipping his sherry, reflected on the difference between the present and the girls of the time when he was young.

"Poor Hans!" wrote a German to a friend who had been inquiring after his son, "he bit himself six a rattlesnake, and was sick into his bed for six weeks in the month of August, and all his cry was, 'vater! vater!' And he couldn't eat nothing at all till he complained of being a little better so he could stand up on his elbow and eat a cup of tea."

A gentleman who was determined to outdo the horticulturist who raised chickens from egg plants, has succeeded in producing a colt from a horse chestnut and a calf from a cow-ard.

Interesting Letter from President Lincoln to General McClellan.

In the McDowell Court of Inquiry on the 16th, Major-General Hitchcock testified at length relative to the forces which were left for the protection of Washington when McClellan's army started for the Peninsula. In the course of his testimony, the following letter from the President of the United States was laid before the court:

WASHINGTON, April 9th, 1862.

To Major-General McClellan:

Mr. DEAR SIR: Your despatches, complaining that you are not properly sustained, while they do not offend me, pain me very much. Blenckner's division was withdrawn from you before you left here, and you knew the pressure under which I did it, and, as I thought, acquiesced in it—certainly not without reluctance.

After you left I ascertained that less than 20,000 unorganized men, without a single field battery, were all you designed to be left for the defence of Washington and Manassas Junction, and a part of these even went to Gen. Hooker's old position. Gen. Banks' corps, once designed for Manassas Junction, was divided and tied up on the line of Winchester and Strasburg, and could not leave it without again exposing the Upper Potomac and the Baltimore and Ohio road. This presented, or would present, when General McDowell or Sumner should be gone, a great temptation to the enemy to turn back from the Rappahannock and sack Washington. My explicit directions that Washington should, by the judgment of all the commanders of the corps, be left entirely secure, had been entirely neglected. It was precisely this that drove me to detain McDowell. I do not forget that I was satisfied with your arrangement to leave Banks at Manassas Junction, but when that arrangement was broken up, and nothing was substituted for it, of course I was not satisfied. I was constrained to substitute something for it myself.

And now allow me to ask, do you really think I should permit the line from Richmond via Manassas Junction to this city to be entirely open except what resistance could be prevented by less than 20,000 unorganized troops? This is a question which the country will not allow me to evade.

There is a curious mystery about the number of troops now with you. I telegraphed you on the 6th, saying that you had over 100,000 men with you. I had just obtained from the Secretary of War a statement taken, as he said, from your own returns, making 108,000 men with you and en route to you. You now say you will have but 85,000 men when all en route to you shall have reached you. How can this discrepancy of 25,000 be accounted for?

As to Gen. Wool's command, I understand it is doing for you precisely what a like number of your own would have to do if that command was away. I suppose the whole force which has gone forward to you is with you by this time, and, if so, I think it is the precise time for you to strike a blow. By delay the enemy will readily gain on you—that is, he will gain faster by fortifications and reinforcements than you can by reinforcements alone; and once more, let me tell you it is indispensable to you that you strike a blow. I am prepared to help this; you will do me the justice to remember I have opposed going down the bay in search of a field, instead of fighting at or near Manassas, as only shifting and not amounting to a difficulty; that we would find the same enemy and the same or equal entrenchments at either place. The country will not fail to notice—no longer now that the present hesitation to move upon an entrenched enemy is but the story of Manassas repeated.

I beg to assure you that I have never written or spoken to you in greater kindness of feeling than now, nor with a fuller purpose to sustain you, so far as in my most anxious judgment I consistently can. But you must act. Yours, very truly, A. LINCOLN.

SUGAR FROM SORGHUM.

Captain Hirsch, a gentleman connected for fifteen years with sugar manufacture, who had the charge of the construction of a manufacturing factory for the Emperor of Russia, and who performed some successful experiments upon the cultivation and use of the Chinese cane, even in Europe, is at present in Cairo, Ill., making arrangements for the erection of a large establishment in Illinois, intended expressly for the production of sugar, syrup, molasses, and Jamaica rum from the Sorghum. He has the best of testimonials. His experience in making beet and other sugar is worth a great deal to him and those engaged with him, and gives a practical turn to anything he may be interested in. He claims to have fully solved the value of Chinese cane as a standard staple in the North. He has arrived at certain facts by actual experiment, involving first and last the expenditure of much time and money. The results attained with two or three experiments, are given by the captain as follows:

It is ascertained that the Chinese cane contains about 40 to 45 per cent. of juice, and 55 to 60 per cent. of water and foreign matter. The first trial he made shows, first: From one hundred pounds of cane juice can be produced—

Sugar, ready for the market,	10 per cent.
Molasses,	30 "
Water, and other foreign matters,	60 "
	100

The second—From one hundred pounds cane juice can be made—

Sugar,	12 per cent.
Molasses,	50 "
Water, &c.,	38 "
	100

The importance of this result is now beginning to be felt in the North. Sugar will soon become very high, and, in fact, is so now, but must be higher. Then where are the poorer people to obtain it? In the cultivation of sorghum. It is already, in its crude state, extensively used in various Northern states. How much more serviceable and palatable must it be when properly made into refined sugar and syrup, products devoid of that rough and acrid taste now seen in the only objection to the article in use.

THE MOVEMENTS IN NORTH CAROLINA.—The rebels appear to be deeply concerned about the military movements in North Carolina. According to their report, the Union army, under Gen. Foster, numbers from 50,000 to 70,000 men; but where reinforcements so large have come from they do not appear to know. An attack on Wilmington is believed by them to be imminent, and also one upon Raleigh, the capital of the state. The rebel forces in North Carolina have been increased in numbers, and Gen. Kirby Smith, who was with Bragg at Murfreesboro, to reinforce rebel defeat there, has arrived at Reidsville, on his way, it is supposed, to North Carolina, to assist in repelling Foster. The presence of Raleigh would enable our forces to cut the communication between Richmond and the states south more completely, than was done at Gettysburg. That appears to have been a temporary injury only to the rebels; an annoying one, but which, according to their own account, they have already repaired.

CHILDREN.—Happy blanks till his lottery is drawn.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1863.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Publishers of THE POST take pleasure in announcing that their literary arrangements for the coming year are of a character to warrant them in promising a feast of good things to their thousands of readers. Among the contributors to THE POST we may now mention the following distinguished authors:—

MRS. HENRY WOOD,
Author of "THE EARLY HEIRS," "EAST LYNN," "THE CHANNINGS," &c.

MARION HARLAND,
Author of "ALONE," "THE HIDDEN PATH," "MIRIAM," &c.

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Every person collecting names for the Sewing Machine Premium, should send the names with the money as fast as obtained, so that the subscribers may begin at once to receive their papers, and not become dissatisfied with the delay. When the whole number of names (30), and whole amount of money (\$50), is received, the machine will be duly forwarded.

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P. S.—Editors who give the above one insertion, or condense the material portions of it for their editorial columns, shall be entitled to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy of the paper containing the advertisement or notice.

THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND ALL RIGHT.—The Boston Traveler says:—"A gentleman of this state, of high standing, just returned from England, states that in a conversation with a substantial man of business of that country, for the past twenty years a member of the British Parliament, the opinion was expressed that, notwithstanding the bitter hatred to the United States felt by (some of) the aristocracy and a portion of the mercantile classes, helped along by the outrageously false statements of the London press, the people of that country, by an immense majority, steadily sustained the position of the North, and would make themselves heard, should the government, in any way, attempt to intervene in favor of the South."

WINTER IN RUSSIA.—The present winter is terribly severe in Russia. A letter from St. Petersburg says:—"In the memory of man there has not been such a winter as this at St. Petersburg—twenty degrees of cold; the river and the sea iced in for a long time past, and not a flake of snow! Owing to the frosty roads, horses and pedestrians cannot keep a footing upon either the road or the pavements. The air is extremely dry; we breathe it with difficulty. Nervous people are particularly affected by it; accordingly, no one stirs out except upon business; and of carriages and promenades there are literally none, even at the Nevsky perspective, between two and four in the afternoon, where there is ordinarily a great crowd."

PIRENEAN.—We go now for what we strenuously opposed in 1844—the "re-annexation of Texas."

When the Federal armies move in concert, we shall expect soon a rebel overture.

The officer who exhibits his shoulder straps at hotels when his place is in the field, deserves another pair—well laid on.

It is said that the Backet Indians show symptoms of becoming troublesome. We should like to send a regiment or brigade of our blacklegs against them.—Louisville Journal.

Old Dr. Bracher once prayed: "Oh, Lord, we pray Thee that we may not despise our rulers; and, oh, Lord, we further pray that they may not behave so that we cannot help it!"

The heathenish ferocity of Jefferson Davis's Proclamation is at last accounted for. The Southern Confederacy is suffering under a lamentable lack of the Holy Scriptures. They have sent the Rev. Dr. Mes a Bodge of Richmond to Europe for the sole purpose of buying Thirty-five Thousand Bibles for the use of the Confederacy; or, if not so many, as many as Four Thousand Dollars (confederate money) will pay for.

PAUPEER PRESERVE.—Old Mrs. Doubleditch, who has married off all her six daughters, says a young lady should often maintain a prudent reserve and silence in the presence of her lover: he will be certain to fancy her a greater deal wiser than she can show herself by her talk.

THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE

THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE.
1863.
THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE, first issued in 1841, now in its 22nd year, has obtained both larger and a more widely diffused circulation than any other newspaper ever published in America. Though it has suffered, in common with other journals, from the ravages of the departure of tens of thousands of its patrons to serve in the War for the Union, it circulates on this 6th of December, 1863, as follows:

DAILY,	30,725
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SEMI-WEEKLY,	57,000.
WEEKLY,	100,000.
Aggregate,	210,000.

Pre-eminently a Journal of News and of Literature, THE TRIBUNE has political convictions which are characterized by the following:—
REPUBLICAN. It is Republican in the history of action to the great truth that "God has made of one blood all nations of men"—Republican in its support of the equal and inalienable rights of all men to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness"—Republican in its steadfast, unswerving hostility to every scheme and effort to divide Power, for the domination of Time to the few million, to give the control of the New World, and wield the resources of our

country for its own aggrandizement—Republican in its antagonism to the aristocrats and despots of the world, and in its devotion to the rights and calamities suddenly thrust upon us by the American counterpart, the overthrow and ruin of the Model Republic—Republican in its loyalty to the people, and in its devotion to the cause of Liberty and Justice for all—Republican in its belief that the only way to secure the rights and equal laws throughout the whole of our country, where Liberty and Justice would be the same and inseparable, "hereafter and forever."

but for the constant his energies and his columns are mainly devoted to the investigation and announcement of the War for the Union. His special correspondents accompany every considerable army and report every important incident of their great struggle which we trust is soon to result in the triumph of the Union, the preservation of the Union, and in the restoration of Peace and Order to our distracted, bleeding country. We believe that no otherwise man a fuller or more accurate view of the progress of the war could be obtained than by the personal observation of the war through the personal of our columns. And we earnestly solicit the co-operation of all friends of the National cause, which we regard as synonymous with the cause of humanity, to aid us in extending its circulation.

TERMS.

The enormous increase in the price of printing paper and other materials used in printing newspapers, compels us to increase the price of THE TRIBUNE. Our new terms are:

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